Norman Angell *on the* London Conference

The Nation

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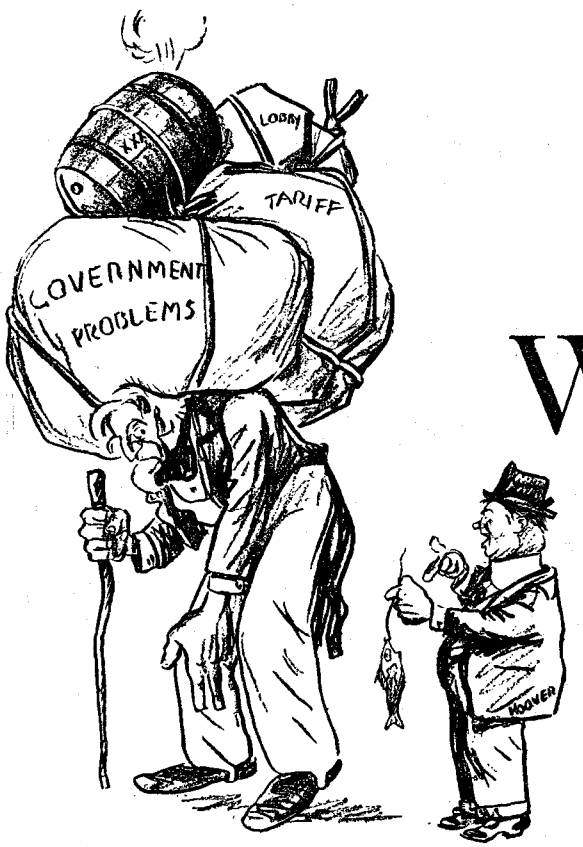

Edmund Duffy in the Baltimore Sun

Headless Washington

by

Oswald Garrison Villard

Divorce and the Child

A Personal Narrative

The third of a series of articles on the problems created by divorce

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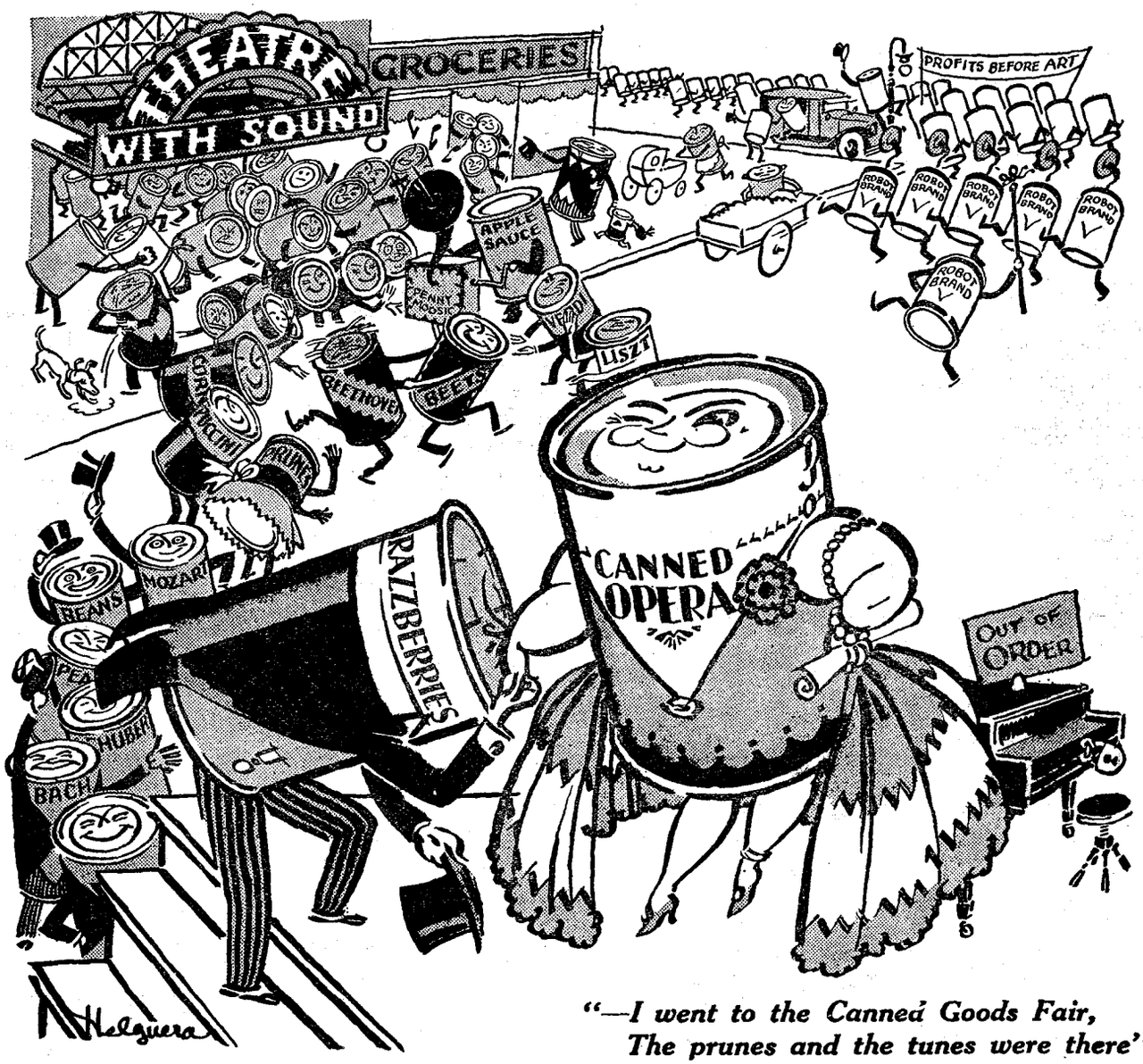

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The Nation

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WE AGREE WITH SENATOR NORRIS that the President by one sentence could "wipe out corruption in law enforcement." Not literally, of course. But what the Senator has in mind, we suppose, is one outspoken and indignant denunciation by the President of government officials who play politics and are recreant to their oaths, and a declaration that he will, in so far as he has the power, see to it that they are punished if faithless and rewarded if faithful. To this should be coupled the statement that politics must be banned from the prohibition enforcement unit. The trouble with Mr. Hoover is that no one really knows where he stands—despite his talk of prohibition's being a noble experiment. As long as he fails to take a clear-cut stand, as long as he is as silent about the playing of politics within the enforcement ranks as he was about the corruption in the Harding Cabinet of which he was a member, the enforcement officials, too often appointed for, by, and with politics, will play any game but the right one. It is this sort of thing which makes sincere prohibitionists declare that the law has never really had a trial. Certainly no Executive has so far acted as if he had the law really at heart. As long as the politicians are allowed to have their way with the enforcement service it is idle to expect that it will be other than inefficient and corrupt.

OUR ANTI-TRUST LEGISLATION and its application continue to be the despair of the economist and the picture puzzle of the lawyer. On February 15 the government filed a suit against nineteen California oil companies to enjoin them from "conspiracy to maintain an unfair price for gasoline," although the major companies, at least, were operating under a Trade Practice Conference code, including agreements for posting prices and adhering to them. The Department of Commerce and the Attorney General need to get together. On February 22 the Standard Oil Company of New York and the Vacuum Oil Company announced plans for a billion-dollar merger. Both companies are former subsidiaries of the old Standard Oil Company, dissolved under the anti-trust act in 1911. One does a general oil refining and marketing business, the other makes and sells lubricants; so their business is complementary. The Department of Justice is expected (and it may be added desired) to bring an appropriate suit in equity to test the validity of the merger, which counsel for the companies believe to be legal.

ON THE SAME DAY with the announcement of the Standard and Vacuum Oil merger and projected suit, the Interstate Commerce Commission gave its approval of the merger, with an expected operating economy of ten million dollars a year, of the Northern Pacific and the Great Northern Railways into a 15,000-mile system which will dominate the Northwestern territory between Minneapolis and the Pacific Coast, though it will have competition from the Milwaukee. Thus far have we traveled since 1901, when the Supreme Court in the Northern Securities case dissolved the Northern Pacific-Great Northern merger in effect at that time. In approving the present merger, however, the commission required the merged roads to break up their present system by divesting themselves of their 97 per cent ownership of the Burlington, which gives them access to Chicago, as the commission's plan, presumably in pursuit of the lofty ideal of competition, calls for the erection of the Burlington into a separate system. The commission points out, however, that it is not now denying the Northern lines a permanent entrance into the Chicago district. All three of these cases illustrate afresh the difficulties inherent in the attempt to secure the benefits of unified organization or operation at the same time that we continue our ill-advised policy of trying to maintain competition unimpaired.

THAT JUDGE THOMAS D. THACHER of New York has been willing to resign the life position in the federal judiciary which he has been holding in order to become Solicitor General is a remarkable happening. Once a federal judge always a federal judge has been the rule, especially when one has made such a name for oneself as has Judge Thacher. He has won golden opinions from the bench and the bar for his learning and his industry. Everyone has believed that he had only to wait a few years to be certain of promotion, probably to our highest court. Before that tribunal he will now appear as government advocate in

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many, many cases. As such he will have a greater opportunity than any other attorney to impress his personality, his knowledge, and his concepts of public policy upon the members of the Supreme Court. That will not hurt his chances for future appointment should he decide to reenter the judiciary; it may even open up to him other avenues for governmental service, just as John W. Davis, after being Solicitor General, became Ambassador to London and nominee for the Presidency. President Hoover has made an admirable appointment; and the government acquires a gifted, liberal, and broad-minded official.

BANK FAILURES CONTINUE to be one of our national scandals. In 1929, according to government figures, suspensions involved almost twice as much depositors' money as in 1928. The number of suspended banks in 1929 is reported as 633, and their deposits were $257,000,000. Most of these failures as usual were in the Western and Southern States. More than 87 per cent of the failed banks were not in the Federal Reserve system, and were operating, of course, under State charters. In Nebraska the situation is particularly bad, for that State some years ago optimistically undertook the guaranty of bank deposits. As a consequence of bank failures it has an obligation of $20,000,000 with no money left in the fund to discharge it. Shall the deficit be met by general taxation or by increasing the levy on the banks that still remain solvent? This, however, is only a local aspect of the problem, which is itself national. The suffering and loss involved in these failures justify the attention which Congress appears ready to give to banking as soon as the tariff abomination is out of the way. Banking standards have undoubtedly been too lax in the farm regions. It is doubtful whether anyone should be allowed to undertake the responsibility of financing a community when he has only from $10,000 to $25,000 of capital to put up; yet if small banks are to be abolished, how are our small communities to have their farming and mercantile operations financed? We are the only people in the world disgraced and burdened by bank failures, and parts of our own country are free of them. It will be inexcusable, then, if means cannot be found of attaining for all communities that minimum requirement of banking, namely, safety.

THE CASE OF RUTH ST. CLAIR, first woman to be sentenced for life under the New York Baumes laws, excited a great deal of protest when the sentence was pronounced a week or so ago. It was pointed out that four crimes of shoplifting do not in themselves constitute such a threat to the public as to warrant shutting a person up for life at public expense because of them. But Mrs. St. Clair's complete dossier has been made public by the Municipal Parole Commission and it is evident that while it is altogether undesirable to incarcerate her for the rest of her life in Auburn Prison, some form of restraint is desirable for a case so plainly pathological as hers. Incorrigible, a runaway from her hard-working parents, defiant, tempestuous, untruthful, and at the same time ingratiating and charming to those who sought to help her, the girl presented a case with which social workers are only too familiar. Her attitude officially from the age of 13 and probably much earlier was definitely anti-social. But for those persons who have ceased to believe in "natural cussedness" without a good and sufficient reason, the case of Ruth St. Clair should not be closed without the services of a competent psychiatrist, without the most expert and painstaking attempts to discover, if possible, wherein her deep-seated quarrel with society lies, and again, if possible, to remove it. One of the most grievous defects of our prison system is that we have provision for no such treatment for prisoners; nor, if psychiatric treatment proves ineffective, for restraint except under the old system of bolts and bars, silence, bad food, and the soul-destroying routine of the prison.

FINANCIAL PROVISION for a few, rather than a straight out-and-out old age pension system, is the unsatisfactory aim of four bills recently introduced in the New York Assembly. The distinguishing features of the new system, as set out in the report of a commission that has been studying the subject, are the extension of aid to needy persons in their homes, thus allowing them to continue their occupations but supplementing their inadequate earnings with public allowances, and an equal division of the financial burden of relief between the State and the counties or cities. By this plan, it is pointed out, a farmer who under the usual procedure would not be able to obtain public relief unless he sold his farm and entered a poorhouse will be enabled to retain his farm and earn what he can, the State or municipal government contributing the difference, to an amount not exceeding in general fifty dollars a month, between what can be earned and what is needed for support. Practically, of course, this is only a modified scheme of poor relief, available, as it happens, only for dependent persons who are seventy years old, but with some of the stigma of charity taken away and the poorhouse thrust into the background. The new plan, if it is adopted, will doubtless be better than what we now have, but at best it can only insure public aid to a few, not to all.

THE INDEPENDENT LABOR PARTY loses the support of J. Ramsay MacDonald, easily its most distinguished member, the British Prime Minister having given notice that he does not intend to continue his annual subscription to the party funds. The reason for Mr. MacDonald's withdrawal is not stated, but it is natural to conjecture that he has become somewhat weary of the persistent and at times violent opposition in the House of Commons of the extreme radicals of the Labor movement, led by James Maxton, and has decided to part company with a handful of nominal followers who cannot be counted upon to support any government policy. Undoubtedly Mr. MacDonald's action involves some political risks, since even with the Independent Labor members the Labor Party is in a minority in the House, but it may well be that a united Labor front, unbroken by defections at critical moments, will strengthen rather than weaken the government. Something may also be gained, perhaps, from the division of opinion which Lord Rothermere's new United Empire Party may make in the Conservative ranks, although the prospects of the new party, with its futile slogan of free trade within the Empire, do not seem to be very bright.

THE GENEVA TARIFF conference, called to pave the way for a "tariff truce" such as was contemplated in general by a convention drawn up at Geneva last year,

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made only a beginning, apparently not a very large one, in a task which promises to engage more and more the attention of Europe. Ever since a number of European and American bankers, in 1926, set their names to a statement sharply arraigning the evils of high and discriminating tariffs, there has been a steadily growing agitation in favor of calling a halt in tariff building preparatory to lowering the barriers that have already been set up. The conclusion of any collective working agreement at this time, however, proved too much for the conference, especially after Giuseppi Bottai, Italian Minister of Corporations, had pronounced the scheme "premature" and "inapplicable," and the general session ended with the creation of two committees, one to draft an agreement for a tariff truce, the other to consider means of facilitating the reduction of duties. The object aimed at is so admirable that it is to be hoped the committees, which set to work at once, may not be discouraged by the great difficulties to be overcome.

VICTORY FOR THE GOVERNMENT, defeat of labor and liberal groups, and an obvious trend toward the dominance of two national parties are the outstanding results of the general election in Japan. Premier Yuko Hamaguchi continues in power with a majority of more than thirty seats in the lower house of the Diet, and with substantial gains in rural districts which had previously supported the Seiyukai, or leading opposition party. The defeat of the proletarian parties, 90 per cent of whose candidates were rejected, is attributed in part to the workings of a system of proportional representation and the political instability of a considerable portion of the electorate under a universal male suffrage which is still new, but the main reason appears to have been the lack of unity and organization in the Labor following. The election turned wholly upon domestic issues and, as usual, upon personalities, but the victory of the present government with an increased majority will undoubtedly strengthen the position of the Japanese delegation at the London conference. Japanese business interests are naturally gratified at the prospect of continued governmental support for the gold standard and a balanced budget.

THE RESIGNATION of Cardinal Gasparri as Papal Secretary of State removes from Italian public life one of its really outstanding figures. The heat of religious controversy may have blinded many to his distinguished services in behalf of peace during the war, and in behalf of international reconciliation afterwards. The Papal peace note of August, 1917, was largely his work. Although ineffective, it was of great importance as an expression of the Gasparri policy of resistance to the attempts of certain factions within the Roman Catholic church to tie the fortunes of the Vatican with one or another of the contending groups. After the war the policy was maintained. The Vatican condemned the French invasion of the Ruhr and other manifestations of extreme nationalism. The Cardinal's services to his church, of course, are historic. He brought the Vatican out of the war with increased prestige, initiated the series of concordats which solidified its position in Europe, and negotiated the Lateran treaties which put an end to the Roman Question. Personally, Cardinal Gasparri is a scholarly and humane man, and, within the limits fixed by his office, a sincere liberal. Of his successor, Cardinal Pacelli, little is known save that he is a shrewd and experienced negotiator.

NO FEWER THAN 15,060 German women are now attending the German universities and institutes of higher education, out of a total enrolment of 98,000 students, which is in marked contrast to the total of scarcely 3,000 women who were admitted to university lectures in the year prior to the war. As many as 2,079 women are now studying at the University of Berlin, 1,367 at that of Munich, 827 at the University of Cologne, and 682 in Hamburg. The South German universities are also popular, there being 1,202 women in Bonn, and 885 in Freiburg. It is interesting to note that 194 of the total are studying theology in contrast to 11 who were preparing for the church in 1912, while 1,511 women are now studying political economy and law. To medicine 3,141 women are dedicating themselves, while over 10,000 have registered with the various philosophical faculties—in the latter group being included all women who are fitting themselves for teaching and desire a general education. There is even one in Munich who is seeking to become a veterinary surgeon. When one remembers that the universities were not wholly opened to women until the war came and that the first high school for girls was not established until 1885, when the Victoria Lycee was founded in Berlin thanks largely to the English-born Empress Frederick, the increased number of women seeking higher degrees in Germany seems nothing less than astounding.

THE ADVENTURE OF ADMIRAL BYRD and his men at the South Pole is almost over. After a year of white earth they are on their way back to a green one, and the contrast must surely be refreshing to their spirits. In spite of the daily radio communication with the camp at Little America, it is doubtful if the New York *Times* correspondent, Russell Owen, really told the inside story of life there. Nor will Byrd or his men tell it—for publication—when they get back. But it would be well worth while, we suspect, to be able to hear honest reminiscences of a year in which human wants were reduced to a minimum, in which living conditions were different in almost every respect from those to which the group was accustomed. There were, to be sure, the most intricate and delicate of machines—the airplane, the camera, the radio, and instruments for calculating distances, altitude, weather, the shape of the earth, the depth of the ice, the height of the mountains. But there was not a leaf or a bird, not even a camp cat unless Mr. Owen forgot to mention it. There was food only out of cans. We should like to hear more of this camp: how about the hot water? Was it cold when you got up in the mornings? Was it ever anything else but cold? Did your coffee freeze while you lighted a cigarette? Did the supply of cigarettes last? Mr. Owen can go on reporting steadily. Meanwhile his companions on shipboard are doubtless improving their time by reading their letters over again, and we at home, protected alike from the perils and the thrills of adventure, can be grateful that the ship got a good start, that the party is so far safe, that the year of exploration and adventure is evidently to end so auspiciously. We shall be relieved to hear that the ice is past and open water and home ahead.

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Godlessness and Humbuggery

THE renewed attacks upon the godlessness of the Union of Soviet Republics need surprise no one. It was about time for a new line of attack to develop, and the Soviet leaders, with their usual complete incapacity to judge the effect of their acts upon public opinion abroad, have given their enemies the desired opening. This anti-religious slant is, of course, not a new policy; it has been prominent from the beginning despite certain provisions in the Soviet constitution which on their face guarantee freedom of worship. The Soviet rulers have been as eager to be known as anti-religious as they are quick to resent the theory that they are democrats temporarily lured from their moorings. They are not democrats, and they have been as outspokenly opposed to all churches as they could well be. What they have done lately is simply to increase the anti-religious pressure in certain places with the result that, as Walter Duranty cables from Paris to the New York *Times,* there are harsher and more widespread attacks upon the Soviets than at any time in the last seven years, especially in Germany, England, and France, though each country gives quite different reasons for its outburst. To these have been added the protests of the Pope, of the Church of England headed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, with our own Bishop Manning following suit here, and from all over the world very genuine protests from Jews deeply moved by the sufferings of their co-religionists in the territory of the Soviets.

The Nation has never for one moment been recreant to its belief in religious liberty. It must therefore be highly critical of the anti-religious policy of the Russian state in so far as it affects the right of the individual to worship as he pleases. We cannot, however, permit ourselves to be humbugged by all this sudden outcry against the Soviets. Much of it is purely fake. Thus, Senator Borah has disposed of the false charge that fourteen rabbis were about to be executed; eleven are free and the others will soon be released. Again, it has been admitted in London by the Tories that they are exploiting this outcry in the hope of ousting Ramsay MacDonald from office, and by Sidney M. Dawkins, general secretary of the Council of Christian Protest, that of the many atrocities they and the Archbishop of Canterbury have lately been citing *not one has occurred since 1918!* That adequately stamps the whole crusade.

For some time past, however, there has been plenty of evidence that the present rulers of the Soviets were themselves going back upon the original constitutional guaranty of freedom of worship. For instance, there was issued on April 8, 1929, a sweeping decree of some 6,000 words prescribing the rules to govern every phase of existent religious organizations. Their expenditures are minutely prescribed —even the repair of their buildings, the hiring of janitors, the acquisition of wood for fuel. Under this decree "religious societies and groups of believers do not enjoy the rights of juridical bodies." After being thus deprived of a legal existence the churches are dealt with in detail to the extent of sixty-eight paragraphs. Despite these handicaps the churches in Russia have been operating ever since the edict was published in the *Izvestia* at the end of April. As Malcolm MacDonald, son of the British Prime Minister, informed the House of Commons on February 19, he himself had no trouble in worshiping in Moscow a few months ago in company with 1,000 other persons.

Moreover, the Metropolitan Sergius, the present chief patriarch of the Russian Orthodox Church, has supported the attitude of the Soviets by declaring that religious propaganda is allowed, that there are no brutalities toward individual church ministers, and that there has been no repression by the Soviets of believers and clergymen for their religious beliefs, "but for anti-government acts just as for other citizens." He repeated this interview to the American and English correspondents the next day, and among other things denounced the Pope of Rome as the enemy of the Orthodox church because "the Catholic church under the Pope's leadership in Poland alone in 1929 forcibly confiscated 500 Orthodox Russian churches, converting them to Catholic uses. As far as we know, no archbishops in England or elsewhere acted against these Catholic violences." Indeed, it seems to us, too, that the Pope does not come into court with very clean hands. In this connection we would refer our readers to our issue of January 15 last, in which will be found from the pen of our Moscow correspondent, Louis Fischer, a detailed narrative of the relations between the Vatican and the Kremlin since 1922. It is here clearly shown that the Pope was constantly negotiating with the Bolsheviks with a view to taking over the ruins of the Greek Catholic church. During all these years he could have protested against Bolshevik anti-religious persecutions quite as warmly as he has recently. And so could Bishop Manning and all the rest, because hundreds of persons have been punished on all sorts of ridiculous and trumped-up charges meant to hide the fact that they were really being exiled or imprisoned because of their religious activity.

Walter Duranty undoubtedly puts his finger on what is back of a great deal of this sudden passion on behalf of those Russians who are being deprived of their religion. It is the growing economic menace that the Soviet state offers to the trade of Europe. It is able to dump its products abroad at any figure that it chooses in order to get the foreign monies which it needs so direfully. It is dumping matches, textiles, and gasoline at cut rates. The Russians believe that they are saving 40 per cent of the cost of production in other countries, because they have done away with big salaries, high-pressure salesmanship, advertising, and the other inevitable accompaniments of capitalist competition. This alone would make them formidable competitors. When, however, they dump their products at almost any price, since, as Duranty says, if they get only a fraction above the cost of transportation "that fraction will be profit to the Soviet state—profit because it would be something added to Soviet wealth from abroad"—it is not surprising that Europe begins to strike back in any way that it can. Its leaders are doubtless thankful for the stupidity and folly and anti-religious intolerance of the Soviets, which gives them so welcome an opportunity to stir the religious world.

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A Crisis at London

UNLESS something radical is done, and done quickly, to straighten out the extraordinary situation at London, the London conference is likely to go down in history as one of the most disastrous attempts at international cooperation in which the United States has ever engaged. Two problems in particular, both of grave seriousness, confront the American delegation. The first is to insure the attainment of one of the two main purposes for which the conference was called, namely, the actual reduction of existing naval armaments. The second is to avoid entangling the United States in a European security pact. For the existence of both of these problems in their present acute form the Hoover Administration and its delegation at London are so far responsible that the failure of the conference, if that calamity should happen, would be properly chargeable to the United States more than to any other Power.

The statement issued by the French delegation on February 11, calling for 724,479 English tons of naval craft by the end of 1936, with 240,000 tons of that amount to be built during the period, contained nothing new except the figures. Weeks before the American delegation, surrounded by an imposing array of experts and helpers and attended by a squad of uniformed marines, departed from New York the French government, in an elaborate memorandum to the British government, had traversed comprehensively the business of the conference and outlined in detail the position of France regarding its naval needs.

Instead of showing that it had grasped this situation and was prepared to meet it, the American delegation has strewn its course with some amazing blunders, in all of which, apparently, it had the approbation of Washington. When Mr. MacDonald, the question of battleships having been thrown to the fore, proposed to consider at once the abolition of that type of vessel, Mr. Stimson turned him down; the conference had been called to deal with cruisers, and there must be no interference with that grand design. A single preliminary skirmish over the abolition of submarines caused Mr. Stimson to throw up his hands, and the fight was lost before it had fairly begun. An exhibition of bungling that was a disgrace to American diplomacy concealed the fact, until an alert press forced it out, that the United States, champion of armament reduction, was actually proposing to build another battleship at a cost of from $35,000,000 to $50,000,000. The publication of the French statement of February 11, followed by the overthrow of the Tardieu Government, completed the moral rout of the embattled Americans, this time with the British close at their heels. It was matter of common knowledge that M. Tardieu's tenure was precarious, as it was that no succeeding ministry would be likely to modify greatly the French demands, and that any modification that might be conceded would still leave the way open to largely increased building; but the Stimson aggregation could only betake itself to gloom and leave the correspondents to cable that reduction was no longer even a pleasing hope.

The second problem is equally grave. France is willing to trade tonnage for a security pact, with the covert understanding that the United States shall be one of the guarantors. It is the old game of maneuvering the United States into burning its fingers with European quarrels, yet the American delegation is actually reported as not wholly unfavorable to the suggestion. Senator Robinson, to be sure, has spoken out in reiteration of the time-honored American policy of keeping America free, but it was immediately noted that he did not wholly close the door; while Mr. Hoover, fresh from his fishing exploits in Southern waters, allows himself to be represented as deterred from entertaining the proposal, not because he himself will have none of it, but from fear of the irreconcilables in the Senate. In other words, where the reply of the American delegation should have been a prompt and emphatic "No," there is real danger that the delegation, with the tacit acquiescence of Mr. Hoover, may allow the United States to become entangled in the net which France has spread for it, and that America, in addition to losing the naval reduction which it hoped for, may emerge from the conference with its hands tied. If that is the outcome, it will mean that the danger of war will be greater after the conference than it was before.

It is time that the country waked up to the significance of what is going on at London and Washington. An unprepared and inept delegation at the Ritz is losing its grip on the realities of the armament situation, and a political trimmer at the White House is aiding the decline. The American people want naval armaments reduced and limited, but they also want to see American independence scrupulously preserved. They are not yet ready to barter statesmanship at London for a dreary program of backing, filling, and drift, nor statesmanship at Washington for a record catch of sailfish on a Presidential junket.

Cutthroat Competition

IN one industry after another unlimited competition, the main reliance of the public for good quality and fair prices, continues the suicidal process of cutting its own throat and making necessary some other plan of industrial control. A few days ago it was announced that the automobile tire industry had passed into new hands, with Cyrus S. Eaton, of Cleveland, and his associates controlling Goodyear, and the omnivorous and omnicompetent Du Ponts controlling the United States Rubber Company. In 1920 there were 300 tire companies; today there are 30.

There is something like $10,000,000,000 invested in rubber, and the industry has paid its stockholders only about 2 per cent over the past ten years, as a friendly Congress and Supreme Court have not seen fit to guarantee the rubber industry a "fair return" like that which they would insure to railroads and public utilities. Yet, somehow, despite financial disaster, the industry has grown. When the British government, after a vain six-year effort to keep up the profits of rubber planters by enforcing the Stevenson export restriction act, in 1928 raised the ban, large quantities of stored crude rubber were thrown on the market. The American rubber companies, overstocked with high-priced rubber, suffered huge losses. In addition, excess capacity during recent years has caused fatally sharp competition,

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and great numbers of the weaker companies have dropped out of the running. Several mergers are now expected, and the industry, to quote Leslie Gould in the New York *Evening Post*, "is believed to be entering upon a more stabilized phase, with cooperation substituted for 'cutthroat' competition in the marketing of the finished product and the law of supply and demand governing the crude product." In other words, the days of old-fashioned competition in tire manufacture are thought to be over.

In oil production there is a comparable, though entirely dissimilar, story. Two of the Standard companies, in an effort to discourage drilling, some weeks ago cut the price paid for crude oil, the Sinclair and Prairie Oil and Gas companies at first refusing to follow their lead. But oil production plus imports is far above current demands, Texas alone producing 175,000 barrels a day more than it can sell, despite the fact that crude-oil producers are "prorating themselves to death," as one authority puts it. In plain language, while existing producers limit their output, new wells are being brought in so fast that the price cannot be maintained. The American Petroleum Institute meanwhile is hard at work trying to bring about operation of each oil pool as a unit. In consequence of the uncontrollable crude production, stocks of refined oil pile up. Gasoline stocks were 31,000,000 barrels at the end of August, and 47,000,000 at the end of January. The spring motoring season will open on April 1 with stocks 6,000,000 barrels in excess of the corresponding figure last year. So the hard-headed Standard companies, faced with the competition of "distress" gasoline, have cut gasoline prices in the Middle West to help carry off the excess. Unrestricted competition in crude production is creating conditions with which the highly organized and skilfully managed refining companies are having difficulty in contending.

A third interesting example is cited in the recent address of Mr. Frank Haas, of Philadelphia, before the American Institute of Mining and Metallurgical Engineers. Mr. Haas declares that the depression in coal mining is due primarily to speculation in coal lands, and urges a most ingenious plan of government ownership of such lands, with private operation of the mines, as the way out. Mr. C. E. Bockus, president of the National Coal Association, opposes Mr. Haas's specific suggestion, yet asserts that the industry is suffering from "uneconomic, unreasonable, and unfair competition" and fatal overproduction.

All three of these industries, widely different in their individual circumstances, teach the same lesson that our suffering agriculture proclaims with a voice heard to heaven, namely, that unorganized private competition is incompetent to bring about a stable production at prices that will give producers fair remuneration. Where they can, intelligent business men in self-protection organize their industry, and we then proceed against them for monopoly. None the less, industry has got to be organized, will be organized, is being organized. That organization must be controlled to the end of public advantage, not purely private profit. Mr. Haas puts his finger on a vitally important element in such control, for there is truth in the words of the old Indian land grant quoted by Henry George: "To whomsoever the soil at any time belongs, to him belong the fruits of it. White parasols, and elephants mad with pride, are the flowers of a grant of land."

The Newer History

PEOPLE who wonder why history is forever being rewritten and why the "facts," once they have been collected and verified, somehow do not seem to stay put will find some interesting answers to their questioning in the presidential address which Professor James Harvey Robinson gave last December before the annual meeting of the American Historical Association at Durham, North Carolina. According to Professor Robinson, it is not enough that history should be authentic; authenticity, as a rule, is much the easiest part of the historian's task. Documents, indispensable though they are, need to be interpreted, and interpretation registers not only changes in public opinion, in the way in which peoples and governments look at things, but changes also in the kind of material of which history makes use.

The present generation, for example, has relegated to the lumber-room most of the "national" or "patriotic" history that was once a pride. Only perfervid aggregations like the American D. A. R. would be likely to welcome today the kind of history that gave Bancroft his fame, and only the followers of Hugenberg in Germany would be pleased if another Treitschke were at work. The taste for partisan history has been sadly dulled, for partisanship means prejudice and prejudice never gives us the whole truth.

Professor Robinson is very much for internationalism as a point of view, whatever he may think of things done in its name. "Since the war," he reminds us, "there have been established a world council, a world court, and, latterly, a world bank. . . . The most skeptical must see, in all these, unprecedented gestures in the furtherance of human unification. It may be that the last mentioned, the world bank, may ere long be speaking more convincingly than either league or court." But he goes farther, and sees the so-called prehistory of the archaeologist and the ethnologist displaced by an earlier prehistory which shall include animal psychology. Years ago he was startling his historical colleagues by urging the recognition of what was then a doubtful prehistory. Today he commends the work of Köhler, Pavlov, Yerxes, and others "as essential contributions to the historian's problems."

So, for the scholar at least, the range expands. The historian, like Wesley, is to take the world for his parish. International interests in every form—finance, commerce, labor, food supply, communication, population movements, peace, war, politics, the Russian menace to world capitalism, and the thrust of a new India and a new China at empire and the tradition of "backward races"—all are to be the preferred grist for the historian's mill. The intellectual history which Professor Robinson himself has done much to illuminate must have discarded its nationalist partitions, for ideas belong to mankind and the radio will soon enable the whole world to listen in. It is a devastating invasion of the established academic order, this coming of an international mind, and there will doubtless be many in the American professoriate to resist or decry it, but the trend is clear. The newer history will be foolishness if it prophesies; it will be wisdom if it interprets the past in world terms.

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It Seems to Heywood Broun

FISH can't tell time nor keep a discerning eye upon the calendar. And so when Saturday dawned hot as spring I thought the pickerel might be fooled and not realize that they were out of season. Possibly the scheme of mine was treacherous. A fish should not be either caught or somewhat flabbergasted before his proper time. In all truth I caught nothing, but I undoubtedly frightened a few. Possibly a lasting neurosis may cause a fish as much tribulation as one brave but losing fight against a determined angler. And one I would have landed, maybe more, but for the fact that my treachery was met in kind. When I went through the woods in the direction of Diana's Cove a dog followed me.

He was a stranger to me, but he seemed amiable and well intentioned. I didn't particularly want him, for we had nothing in common. Soothingly, I spoke to him about going back to wherever he came from and he wagged knowingly and continued to follow after. Whenever I said "Nice dog," he vibrated ecstatically as if starved for compliments. I, myself, have found that it has been rather a lean year for kind words. Yet soon it was apparent that this dog responded merely to tones in the human voice. I never saw a dog with a poorer conception of the precise meaning of words. He had practically no vocabulary. To him, "Get the hell out of here" sounded just the same as "Nice dog." He shook with joy each time he was commanded to be gone. I grew imperious and even so failed to read my lines with any marked success. I called him "bad dog" and many other things more harsh, and he continued to caper and grin.

Pantomime was also useless. The little play which I acted out for his benefit went completely over his head. Since he did not seem so very bright I hammered my part grossly and underscored all the points. It would have been what the average New York critic calls a "great performance." There was no subtlety. All the strokes were as broad as those of Miss Cornell in her latest box-office triumph, "Dishonored Lady." Seemingly it was his notion that this was just the beginning and that the comedy might grow clearer as it proceeded. Although dumb he was polite and never coughed or laughed in the wrong places. Maybe it wasn't a comedy. I was trying desperately to portray a man terribly intent upon being alone. This, I imagine, is really tragedy because the protagonist is always crushed in the end by men or Airedales that want to tag along.

My next thought was that the whole situation might be cleared up if only I could happen upon his name. This at least should be a word he would know. Lacking such identification, the phrase "bad dog" might seem to him merely a tirade against the species in general, and nobody ever takes blanket indictments personally. Although this angling kibitzer wore no collar nor any other identifying mark, it did not seem to me impossible to dive into the random and come out with his precise title. It may be hard to guess the name of a princess, but Airedales are christened out of a most limited imagination. This dog was Airedale in part but there had been at least one drop of spaniel blood and the law of Mendel operated savagely against him.

The experiment of identification proved a complete failure, but it was no fault of mine. Possibly he had a name unusual in some degree but I doubt if that was the difficulty. He wagged violently for "Rover," barked appreciatively at "Sport," and when I called him "Tige" he rolled over on his back in sheer joy. If anybody ever told him, "My name is the symbol of my identity and must not be lost," he quite evidently had forgotten the phrase. Of pride in precise personality he possessed not an atom. I decided that he had probably been the youngest puppy in a considerable family and, through being much put upon, had adopted a regressive anonymity as a defense mechanism.

Without much hope of success, I tried the final experiment of picking up a stick and waving it at him in a menacing way. I am not a good menacer and he merely mistook this for another game and entered into the sport wholeheartedly. After that I gave up and tried to accept, with as much philosophy as I could muster, the fact that I was doomed to spend the afternoon with a fool. By previous experience I knew that the experience although painful would not necessarily prove fatal. Later my estimate of the Airedale (I decided for no particular reason to call him Harold, after an editor) was completely changed. Harold was not a defective but a shrewd and calculating scoundrel. That developed as soon as I began to fish. Before we reached the lake he trod lightly over the dead leaves and created no commotion. While I was baiting the hook he grew animated about the bacon, but desisted when slapped on the nose and he sat satisfactorily silent while I lowered the line.

Scarcely five minutes had elapsed when there came a terrific tug on the line. One man's guess is as good as another's in such matters, and, according to my estimate, such a wrench could have come from nothing less than a five- or ten-pound pickerel. I never knew or shall know, for as I waited for the monster to impale himself more definitely on the hook Harold leaped up from his reclining position and began to roll about in the leaves behind me. Naturally the pickerel did not remain in any close contact with the bait. He was convinced that some mastodon was roaming through the birches and he hurried deep into the eel grass. Having given the alarm, Harold relapsed into relaxation and grinned at me foolishly as if this deed of his were no more than an aimless infantile prank. I looked at him severely, but he met my gaze steadily and there was no hint of a malicious intelligence working against my best interest.

The next time the fish may have been an ounce or so smaller but he was more definitely committed to the hook. Only a single twist of the wrist was needed to pin him fast. But that thrust was not delivered. Harold was up on the instant and into the lake with a long shallow dive. The frightened fish broke away, but he was not too frightened to take my bacon with him. I no longer hated Harold. According to his lights he behaved patriotically. His was a class war. A sophisticated person with a finely chiseled and molded mind had matched his wits against creatures primitive and dumb. Harold knew which side he was on.

HEYWOOD BROUN

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Headless Washington

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Washington, February 20

THAT is what Washington is—utterly headless. The breakdown of leadership is really appalling. I doubt whether it has ever before been as bad, for the problems of government steadily grow more involved, more difficult, and more numerous, and call more and more for vision, ability, and consistent statesmanship if they are to be solved. One has the feeling that everybody in Washington is floundering in a situation which he cannot control. One wonders whether the whole system is not cracking. When one beholds three important investigations going on simultaneously; when one watches the Senators trying frantically to keep up with their work on committees of inquiry in addition to their regular committee and Senatorial work; when one visualizes the multitude of problems which are half solved, or are waiting solution at every turn, such as Muscle Shoals, Boulder Dam, the Mississippi flood prevention, the inland waterways situation, to say nothing of the railroads, prohibition, the tariff, and all the rest, one is compelled to ask oneself whether the business of government has not become too complex and too difficult for the machinery we set up in 1789.

The chief failure is, of course, in the White House itself. Not that anybody should have expected anything else. Mr. Hoover has never shown moral courage, nor the capacity for leadership, since his Belgian days. As Secretary of Commerce the whole philosophy of his job was to collate figures, to progress in the coordination of industry by means of trade understandings and agreements—which may yet be held in court to violate our laws—and then to smooth the way for big business in every legitimate manner. Why should one have expected a complete change in the moral make-up of the man or in his political theory when he reached the White House? The entire legislative situation here in Washington today is due to Hoover's inability to refuse to promise the extra session to Senator Borah when Herbert Hoover, still a candidate, was striving for the goal of his ambition. He did not dare say no to the Senator from Idaho for fear that he would lose the farmers' vote. The extra session has come and gone, we are at the end of the third month of the regular session, and there isn't the slightest prospect whatever that the farmers will get any of the tariff aid which, together with the creation of the Federal Farm Board, was the object of the special session.

You cannot lead a nation that way, not even if you have the Republican leaders to breakfast every day in the week, and especially not if you have the kind of leaders to handle whom Mr. Hoover has to ask to his table. Watson, Tilson, Longworth, Snell, Wesley Jones, McNary, Wood, Andy Mellon—not a real idea, much less a principle, in a carload of such as these. But how in turn can they be blamed? After the White House breakfast on February 17, there was the usual press talk that the President was now "going to take a hand"; that he would "warn Congress sternly," especially the Senate, that something would happen if they did not move. It was suggested that he was on the point of going over the heads of the legislators to appeal to the country. All of this sort of thing until a day later the Washington *Star* appeared with the reassuring but hardly unexpected headline that Mr. Hoover had decided not to interfere with Congress. It was a wise decision, for the truth is that when he asked at his own breakfast table whether he could do anything to hasten the Senate he was bluntly informed that if he tried to do anything it would be disastrous. To such a pass has come the "leader of his party." It remained for a Democrat, Congressman Garner of Texas, to speak the truth in meeting. Declaring that "the titular Republican leader in the White House is either lacking in courage or capacity to lead," Mr. Garner added that there is not a Republican leader in the Senate or House "who has the faintest idea of what the President wants, and, worse still, they haven't the slightest idea that he wants anything particularly constructive or progressive." The apparent failure of the London conference makes it clear that the President has blundered there in letting the delegation go abroad without a clear-cut policy determined in advance and a readiness to achieve some disarmament come what might. And Mr. Hoover sorely needed a success in foreign affairs to conceal his nakedness at home!

Now the astonishing thing about it is that many of the problems which confront the government are those in which Mr. Hoover was supposed to have shown peculiar fitness and capacity. They are economic problems, business problems, often engineering problems; for the political issues are being steadily shoved aside for business and economic ones. If the President has convictions and yet gives no clear-cut, convincing note, he is without courage. Never did a man need more to study the career of Grover Cleveland. In his second term that President aroused a storm of hostility. He, too, was charged with being the servant of big business, but at least no one could doubt where he stood or what he wanted. It is simply impossible to think of Mr. Hoover's doing what Mr. Cleveland did when he wanted reelection—plumping for a tariff for revenue only when all his advisers told him that if he came out for that his defeat would be certain. To this he replied: "Very well, gentlemen, then we shall be defeated." If Mr. Hoover ever does anything to electrify the country in some such way, the Washington corps of journalists will surely lose a number of its members from heart failure. At present he sits in the White House and sulks, calling the Senators every kind of name, yet unable to make a stepping-stone of his dead self and stir the country by taking a militant position and assuming the leadership not merely of his party, but of the whole country.

Still another reason why he cannot do this is that he, like the rest of Washington, is without a definite program, either political or economic. Here he is no worse and no better than the men in Congress—not even the Progressive group, which remains the one hopeful portent in the entire situation. Most people in Washington do not know that we are on our way somewhere, socially and economically. Few of them can visualize the whole forest, they are busy at best

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in repairing an occasional tree, filling a hole here, running a rod through a trunk there. As for having any sailing chart for their political progress, they do not know that such a thing exists. They cannot realize that we are in the midst of a tremendous economic revolution. They cannot put together the innumerable items of economic news that stare out at us from each daily paper—that the railroads are being consolidated; that there are only thirty tire companies left out of three hundred; that the great Vacuum and Standard Oil companies have come together; that mergers are expected in the automobile field and a dozen others; that at every turn there are combinations and consolidations; that but for the fear of our anti-trust laws we should be seeing in this country precisely what has just happened in Germany —the bringing together of every iron and steel plant in the country, so that the industry is being governed as a whole by a steering committee for the purpose of modernizing the weak, financing the struggling, dividing the domestic field among the plants best fitted for each line, and preparing for exports with which to conquer the European markets. Instead, we have in Washington the headless and planless effort to stop a combination here, to control another there, to beat the devil around the bush by the inter-trade agreements to which I have already referred. And constantly the Senate has to give its time and strength to muckraking various official bodies, or overhauling official activities to prevent the perversion of government by the deliberate turning over to private business of certain governmental functions, or their complete warping by the servants of big business whom Mr. Coolidge and Mr. Hoover have appointed to positions in which they are supposed to be the watch-dogs of the government. This sort of inquiry is sneered at by the press; it infuriates big business, and the public becomes cynical about it. But if anything should stop it, that would be nothing short of disaster. It is quite true, as one news bureau has said, that the Progressives feel that if they do not keep on their job there will not be a single natural resource of any kind, capable of being turned over to private exploiters, which will not be turned over by Mr. Hoover if he is allowed to have his way during the next three or seven years. It was only this week that Senator Couzens, who is presiding over the hearings of the Senate Interstate Commerce Committee, declared, after hearing certain charges as to what has been happening in the Federal Power Commission, that "conditions in the commission have become so intolerable that it presents one of the rottenest exhibitions of government I have ever heard of."

Speaking of programs, and the lack of them, what could be more pitiful than the attitude of the Progressives and the Democrats on the tariff? Here is a God-given issue at hand. The Democrats in Congress, having also no leadership of any kind, and having been betrayed on the tariff issue by their party convention and their party candidate of 1928, are naturally unable to agree on any policy or to take any definite general position. They are also engaged in getting their feet into the trough as rapidly as possible. The most disgusting example of this practice has been afforded by Senator Copeland of New York. Did he, for example, vote against the Aluminum Trust, which robs every housewife in America for the benefit of poor, starving Andrew Mellon and his family? He did not. He said he had been told that the workers in some aluminum factories in the State of New York would lose their jobs if we did not help Andrew out. He could see only the votes of his constituents, nothing else. He has forgotten, if he ever knew, that the historic Democratic policy has been a tariff for revenue only, and he is certainly not of the opinion that the interests of the entire country are superior to those of a handful of workers. He goes round the country making speeches against graft, and then votes freely for the "honest graft" of protection, whenever he thinks that any factory owner or worker in New York State may be helped by his vote. He is in no wise different from nearly all the others in his party. Certainly none of the so-called Democratic leaders have any real thought that there is a principle at stake here.

Neither have the Progressives. They have stood together much better than was expected; for once Senator Borah has really shown leadership. Remarkable as it seems, he has regularly attended group meetings of the Democrats and Progressives; for once he has shown symptoms of the fighting leadership that he might have exercised years ago, if his ability and brilliance had been matched with equal courage. He might well have been the most influential figure in political life today. The Progressives have fought hard against many tariff increases. They hit the Aluminum Trust a staggering blow; they have so far kept the Senatorial tools of the sugar barons from still further mulcting the American people. They have cooperated far better with the Democrats, and the Democrats with them, than had been deemed possible. Yet they, too, vote now and then because of some State interest, for things which they ought to oppose, just as Senator Norris actually voted for a sugar bounty for the Nebraska beet-sugar growers. What could they not accomplish if they realized that there was a principle at stake in all this? They are greatly stirred up because the farmers are going to be buncoed again and are not going to be brought within the charmed circle of the protection grafters. They are doing their best to see that Mr. Hoover and his party live up to their promise of agricultural tariff relief, but in doing so they cannot lay claim to holding any moral position. They are debarred from attacking the whole system because they seek favors for their several States.

It has been rightly said that without vision the people perish. Doesn't that apply to government as well? How long will it be before the so-called leaders here can see that the days of tinkering, and of stopping leaks, and of patching, and of taking one timid step in this direction, and another in the other direction, are rapidly nearing their end? The time is surely at hand when there must be a nation-wide protest against the whole business of compromising and of special privilege and favoritism, which in one form or another is corrupting the government, weakening its machinery, and making impossible any grappling with our general economic problem on the basis of genuine and far-reaching economic reform. Leadership here? There isn't any. Few of the observers even realize what it is all about and where it is taking us—least of all, apparently, the man in the White House. Naturally, he is the most conspicuous target; he ought to be. There is criticism on the part of the regulars, even those who do not like Mr. Hoover, that certain groups are out to "get him." Why not? There could be no greater service rendered to the country today than to make it clear just how bankrupt the White House is, and whither its conduct of affairs is taking us.

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Parity or Reduction?

By NORMAN ANGELL

London, February 22

(By Cable to THE NATION*)*

A FAINT ray of hope that the conference may emerge from its present doldrums comes from Paris; it is based on the expectation that Briand may succeed Tardieu as the directing force and prove more flexible than his predecessor. But this does not suffice to render the present feeling anything but one of pessimism. It is necessary to point out, however, that the present marks the moment when cards, in the shape of respective claims, have been put on the table, which is naturally the moment of severest struggle and least concession. Public opinion in Great Britain continues to show increasing disappointment at the slowness of the conference. It is probable that a downright offer to abolish the battleship and submarines and to reduce cruisers still further, subject to corresponding reduction by the other Powers, would be enormously popular even in the face of the monstrous French memorandum. Indeed, it is felt that such a move would make the French defense of the submarine more difficult. It is the general feeling in conference circles that before progress can be made France must be made conscious of her moral isolation, which implies diplomatic and later military isolation. When France feels that her present policy involves definite alienation of potential allies she may modify her stand. An interesting suggestion in this connection is that the French nervousness concerning the German "pocket" battleship might be made the ground for calling Germany into consultation. It has been felt all along in some quarters that Germany should have participated in the conference.

London, February 13

(By Mail)

Even those with a very qualified faith in the wisdom of mass opinion in international affairs (so often in the past warmly responsive to war excitements of all kinds) have wished the last week or two, while watching the higgling hesitation of every government in approaching the problem of disarmament, that some of the issues which have come up for discussion could have been put to popular referendum.

Long before the conference met, public opinion in Britain seized upon one issue as being the decisive one if real reduction in the weight of armaments were to come out of the deliberations. That issue was the abolition of the battleship, battleship here meaning the ship of over 10,000 tons. The layman was encouraged to plump for this particular slogan by the fact that even the naval experts, some of the best minds in the Admiralty, had been agitating for the abolition of the monster ship as a useless anachronism. If the British public could have expressed itself it is all but certain that in its present mood it would have swept away the battleship and the submarine altogether. But the British government, under pressure from the main conservative body of the Admiralty, began by being extremely hesitant in responding to these movements of public opinion. The opinion, however, grew insistent, and there was a quick change of attitude on the part of the government. The Prime Minister, although qualifying the statement, let it be known that this government would desire to see the complete abolition of the big ship. But the American delegation did not seem to respond to the feeler, while unofficial American opinion declared the step incompatible with the sacred principle of parity: if the big ship were abolished the cruisers, which are now auxiliary ships, would be the capital ships; the armed merchantmen would be the auxiliaries; and this, argued one American school, would give Great Britain such an enormous advantage as to put an end to the whole principle of parity. Other experts, of course, protested that there was no shadow of validity in this latter argument for reasons which in their turn were answered by counter-arguments. In any case, the decisive and simple measure of getting rid altogether of these big ships, of wiping them out from our programs and deciding that they should sully the seas no more, somehow got whittled down and the conference got on to the problem of abolishing the submarine. But the submarine is the reply of the lesser naval Power, in this case France, to the Power which possesses great ships. If somehow Britain and America had been able to go to France and say simply, without qualification, "We have agreed to get rid of the great ship altogether. Will you agree with us to get rid of the submarine?" it would have been extremely hard for France in that simplified situation to say no. But to ask for the abolition of the submarine while the great ships, in which Britain and America are so rich, are retained seemed to France, of course, an unfair trick of the Anglo-Saxons.

Thus does real progress in disarmament come to grief on hesitations and complexities. What seems to be happening is that, without the government intending it, the technicians, the Admiralty, are passing upon political questions. In such circumstances one must give due weight to the difficulty of a government composed of civilians. The Cabinet is made up of laymen. They are confronted by what is an all-but-unanimous technical opinion. There is just the risk that Admiralty resignations might result from opposing the Admiralty view and might cause something like a popular stampede, even of that opinion which is now decisively against the big ship. For many of the public, too, would be impressed with "expert" opinion, not realizing that the problem is one not of naval technique, but of politics and psychology; and that the "experts" would be judging matters outside their province.

Unfortunately, in this discussion, the other side's case always seems so much simpler than ours. It is commonly asked here: Why could not the Americans straightforwardly have accepted MacDonald's tentative offer to abolish the big ship altogether? There is, as these lines are being written, intense irritation at the reply which the British delegation are reported to have made to the American suggestion as to the building of a Rodney. Our technicians seem to have pointed out as a large part of their reply that the American interpretation of parity leaves gun-power out of

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account. The United States now possesses twenty-four sixteen-inch guns (eight in each of her three largest battleships), while Great Britain has only eighteen (nine each in the Rodney and the Nelson). If an American Rodney were built the United States would have thirty-three sixteen-inch guns to the British eighteen. To this the Americans retort that their superiority in gun-power is offset by the greater speed of the British battleships. It is felt that discussion of this kind could go on everlastingly and interminably. More and more is the purely conventional nature of "parity" being revealed. There is and can be no real "yardstick" of power which has to equate such diverse elements as industrial self-sufficiency to speed of ships or range of guns. We have already noted how a discussion of the battleship question brings us to the mercantile marine. That would bring us to the reserve of a mercantile population, all of which presumably would have to be taken into account. If, as an American once commented, factors of power must include "fogs, bogs, and hogs," how many fogs or bogs or hogs are to be calculated as equivalent to one battleship or one cruiser?

And even if one could get over this first difficulty, there is a second one more vital and more fundamental still. Armaments, of course, envisage the event of war, the contingency of all our peacemaking arrangements having broken down. That assumption must precede any discussion, any building, any armaments. Without it, the whole thing is utterly meaningless. But if the peace-keeping arrangements break down in the way in which they broke down in 1914, and the nations are aligned in rival camps as their respective interests may dictate, the figures which will count then are not the figures of each nation but the figures of the groups, the alliances. Since naval power is relative, it is impossible to say whether a nation is strong or weak until you know whom it has to fight. "On the African lakes during the war," says Admiral Richmond, "an armed motor-boat was a capital ship." Another admiral said to me the other day, "We ought to write on the walls of the conference room: Who is the enemy?" Britain and America have spent months and months in negotiations in a laborious attempt to achieve parity. But if in fact they are going to be ranged on the same side when the next war breaks out, the very day that war is declared each will want the other to have as much power as possible. As a wearied and cynical delegate said at a previous conference after a week of fighting over a few destroyers, "*Mais, à la fin,* it doesn't make any difference, for we can make alliances so much more quickly than you can make ships."

Even occasional attendance at a conference like this brings home to one the fact that men agree with apparent readiness to a truth or a proposition long before they believe it in any vivid fashion or realize any of its implications. Two and two, of course, make four—unless we are discussing navies. For quite a time now the British and the Americans have agreed, and I don't doubt for a moment that the sincerity of the agreement is absolute and complete, that in no circumstances whatever could they go to war with each other again; that such an event is as improbable and unthinkable as war between Pennsylvania and Ohio or between Yorkshire and Northumberland. So be it. Then it cannot matter to either what the other has in the way of armament. But that is precisely the resultant four that you must not make from this particular two and two. There are sections on each side which watch fiercely and suspiciously for any indication that the other side may be stealing a march; every "concession" is narrowly weighed as though any increase in the power of one was a vital and dangerous menace to the security of the other. These contradictions and inconsistencies are, it will be said, an old enough story. But they are recalled now for this reason: One of the real events of the conference is that now at last there seems to be a tendency to admit fully and with some meaning in the admission what at the outset was only admitted in words, with no faintest realization of the real implication of the words.

As a result of this rather elusive change of mood there is, I think, a general expectation that the political by-products of the conference will be fundamentally much more important than the results in actual limitation or reduction. The belief plainly is growing that any technical agreement will have to be accompanied, as were the technical agreements of the Washington conference of 1922, by a political agreement something along the lines of the Four-Power Pacific Pact—an agreement, it will be recalled, by which the four Pacific Powers undertook to respect one another's rights in their possessions, to refer to a joint conference any controversy arising between them involving those rights, and in case those rights were threatened by the aggressive action of any other Power, to consult together fully and frankly so as to come to an understanding as to the measures to be taken.

Any agreement along the lines of the Four-Power pact would go far to meet the French position. It will be recalled that, in response to the invitation to the conference, the French asserted once more the position that they have asserted with unfailing and unbending insistence at every conference of the kind they have entered since the war. They go on repeating, in effect: "A nation's first duty is to defend itself, achieve security. If an international organization of any kind can give it some measure of security, it is justified in disarming. If not, not." They have never wavered in the assertion of this position and have stated it always with complete frankness. To the contention that they have been given security upon security by the Locarno and other arrangements, they retort that no sooner does a British government sign an undertaking of this kind than British public men or another British government begin to whittle down its commitments. However that may be, the expectation is now general that something along the lines of the political instrument which accompanied the Washington disarmament agreements must accompany the ones arrived at in this conference. The Senate difficulty has, of course, loomed large, but a possible way round has been suggested. It is to the effect that an executive declaration might be made stating simply that in the event of any danger of the rupture of the Kellogg pact, it would certainly be the desire of the United States to consult with the Powers party to this conference as to the measures which might properly be taken to preserve peace, or prevent the extension of the conflict, if conflict had already occurred. It is recalled in this connection that the most important foreign policy that the United States has ever adumbrated—the Monroe Doctrine—was put forward by the Executive alone. It seems to be thought that the Monroe Doctrine might be followed by a Hoover Doctrine, an expression of what America might be counted upon to do in the event of a violation which threatened the peace of the world.

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If French pressure so far succeeds as to secure something in the shape of such a declaration, it may have results which are not perhaps taken fully into the French calculations. That result would be, as a by-product of the declaration, some beginning at least in the settlement of the freedom-of-the-seas controversy, which is the outstanding ghost always present at any Anglo-American banquet. For if America gave an undertaking to confer with other signatories of the pact as to the course to be taken in the event of a violation, and if the British feel pretty sure that America would not claim the right to supply the aggressor with the means for continuing his crime, the great outstanding danger of conflict between Britain and America, namely, the question of neutral right, would have been removed. Some step in the removal of this old difficulty has, of course, been taken by Britain in the signature and ratification of the optional clause. And while provisions are made in the ratification not to have prize cases taken to the international court, the effect of the signature will be to make it easier to reconcile the British and the American attitude on this subject.

Divorce—and After

III. Divorce and the Child*

A PERSONAL NARRATIVE

MY former husband and I obtained what might be called a cooperative divorce. Our attitude toward each other at the time was one of sympathy, even affection; we were young and fairly eager to "do the right thing" by one another and by our only child, of whom I was given complete charge. My husband, who was a sculptor, had not been able to do much toward our mutual support, but his family was very well off and had helped us by means of a regular allowance. Moreover, I had been earning money fairly regularly over a period of two years before we decided to separate. It was agreed, when the matter of the details of the divorce arose, that my husband should give to me and our son a large part of the allowance which his family had been contributing to our support. It did not occur to me to ask for alimony because I had complete confidence in his good-will and in the kindliness and generosity of his family. I had no desire to have them give me more than I required to live in the moderately comfortable manner to which I had been accustomed; and I felt certain that they would not grudge me and their grandson the means to do so.

Shortly after our divorce my small son contracted a contagious disease which resulted in certain permanent disabilities. The family rose to this occasion with additional funds. My former husband and I were still on excellent terms and confided in each other as intimate friends although by that time we were both embarked on new emotional relationships.

A year elapsed, during which my new relationship acquired permanent tendencies. Unfortunately, the groom-to-be was not a good wage earner. In addition to that he seemed to be completely lacking in paternal feelings. He was not a simple personality, and I, unfortunately, was not able to guide my emotions into the practical channels which would make for a comfortable home for my child. I was, I fear, frankly more interested in having a good life of my own. My relationship with my former husband had never been a happy one. I had suffered from the very beginning. And now I felt that I had a right to grasp at happiness for myself. I had the naive faith that I could bring out the latent paternal feeling in my new husband. I was mistaken. Although he conducted himself toward my son with exemplary politeness his attitude toward him remained that of the pleasant but rather uninterested household guest. I realized later on that he was unconsciously resenting the presence of a child who was to him an alien person in our home, an alien, moreover, who absorbed some of my time and a great deal of my thought. What was disagreeable to him, he instinctively pushed out of his mind; and very soon he became apparently almost unconscious that there was another personality in the household. This was possible because the boy was still young enough to have bedtimes which almost coincided with my husband's return from work and because he was a docile and quiet child.

The result of this was to give the child an ever-intensifying fixation on me. Meanwhile he saw less and less of his own father, who claimed that because he lived downtown in New York, while we lived far uptown, it was very difficult for him to make frequent visits. Because of his disabilities the boy was having a very difficult time in school. I felt more and more borne down under the weight of his dependence on me. When I failed to give him as much of my time as I thought he needed, I felt guilty about it. There was no one to share this emotional responsibility. I finally decided to call on the boy's father for help. We were still friendly, but we were seeing far less of each other. He agreed that he would try to see more of the boy, but I knew before the conversation was over that the battle was lost. He simply was not sufficiently interested any more. He was too immersed in his own affairs really to make the effort to carry out his promise. It was at this time that I realized that his paternal feelings, which had never been very strong, were now quite dead. If they had lived in the same home, the father would have identified the child with his own ego (which was by no means small). As it was, the child had lost his primary interest for the father; in fact, with its difficulties and drawbacks, the responsibility of being a father had become something of a burden to him.

Soon a new complication arose. My second husband lost his job, and though I was working we were living to a large extent on the allowance that my ex-husband's family gave me. My husband, through no fault of his own, was out of a job for six months; and the ex-family decided very soon that they did not wish to be supporting or helping to

* This is the third in a series of articles on the problems created by divorce. A fourth will be printed in an early issue.—EDITOR THE NATION.

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support him. They began to make reductions in the allowance. From that time on I was made to feel that I was the object of a sort of grudging charity. The financial arrangement was changed every three or four months. I never knew what I could actually depend on. Having geared my living to one standard, I would find suddenly that it must be geared to another. The changes were not enormous, but the fact that I never knew what to expect gave me a feeling of complete instability. In addition to this I had come so to hate the idea of accepting the money that I thought and worried about it much more than was warranted by the actual situation. You will wonder why, after my husband got a new job, I accepted the money at all. My husband was not earning enough to make it possible for us to give the child the various medical and other special advantages which he needed. Aside from that, however, I should have felt that it was unjust to ask him to bear the financial burden of a child not his own, especially since the boy's paternal relatives were driving about in motor cars and living in luxury. There was only one way to extricate myself and that was by earning enough to swing the thing alone. That I was unable to do, partly because the doctors' bills were so constant and large, and partly because my own mental state made it impossible for me to throw myself with great intensity into my job.

After three years of this, the emotional strain seemed too great for me and I decided, with the help of a psychoanalyst, that it would benefit both me and my son to send him away from me for a while. An excellent boarding-school was chosen, small and homelike, with a group of teachers who had an intelligent modern attitude toward education and family problems. Now the financial difficulties increased. By this time I was paying half the boy's expenses while the family paid the other half. I had to keep an itemized account of everything that I spent for him. Although my capital was zero, I was the one who had to make the outlays, half of which would subsequently be refunded. Each bill was disputed or commented on adversely, or if this was impossible, the letter which contained the check was full of other complaints. I was made to feel that the family resented every penny spent. I was heckled for my child's behavior as well. As a matter of fact, I had been rather scrupulous in making the boy feel that the family, particularly his own father, were really very grand people. But this magnanimous attitude was beginning to wear thin.

During the child's vacations he usually saw his father once. From these visits he returned depressed, if not definitely distraught. His father, it appeared, could not spend the few hours without lecturing him severely on some subject. On the day when that subject turned out to be something connected with his disability, which the boy was powerless to correct, I turned into a militant mother. On that day I lost all my desire to try to understand the point of view of my ex-husband or of his family. From then on I regarded them all simply as a means of obtaining the greatest possible benefit for my son, and I wasted no sweet words or thoughts upon them. My correspondence became acrimonious and so did all my feelings. I am afraid that I let my son perceive that I felt rather contemptuous toward his father. The boy was by this time twelve years of age and was not in the least attached to his father. Eventually he confided in me that he did not like him; and I could not bring myself to urge him to do so under the circumstances. It would have seemed to me a silly piece of sentimentality. I did tell him that I thought his father was a very selfish person, but that I also thought he could be very agreeable and charming and that some day, perhaps, they might become good friends.

The family now adopted the attitude that I had never allowed the boy's father any say in his upbringing and therefore it was only natural that he should have lost interest. This, I believe, referred to certain sporadic pieces of advice which my first husband offered me perhaps once or twice a year, or about as often as he saw his son during that period. Once or twice, when the financial situation seemed intolerable, I dared to think that if the family would only stop to consider the very harsh difficulties I had experienced in bringing up a handicapped child, they must surely stop their ugly, heckling tactics. On these occasions I wrote letters to them, trying to make them understand what it all meant, trying to appeal to their imagination and even sympathy. For a short while thereafter they would mend their manner. But only for a while.

Now that my son is almost grown, his father has begun to take some interest in him. It is spasmodic, as usual, and of doubtful benefit. He raises the boy's hopes and summons to himself a child's quick, warm affections, only to baffle him later by coldness and neglect. I should say that the result of all this is that the boy's life has been pretty much ruined. He has a strong sense of "not belonging." How could it be helped? If I had given up my life to him that might have been avoided, but I'm afraid that I loved life more than my child. If I had given up the things that I wanted for his sake I might have ended by hating him and I think perhaps he would have suffered from that more than he has from the other condition. If his father and I had stayed together we would have ruined our own lives, without doubt. I am not prepared to say that our son's life would not have been happier. It might very well have been, if his father and I had remained friends in the same home. That, of course, was possible, since long before we separated we were very good friends in spite of our unhappiness. But who is to say which lives are more important? Any judgment on that question would be quite meaningless.

In any case, it is likely that the child will suffer from divorce, especially if he is an only child. If foster-homes of a high standard could be found, I believe that would be the best solution for the children. They might then get the emotional stability that they require to be healthy psychically. Such an arrangement, to be effective, would have to last over a period of years, and the real parents would have to keep "hands off," so that the children could make a complete transference of their love and confidence to their foster-parents. Probably no mother and few fathers would ever agree to such an arrangement. And I will admit that it would undoubtedly be difficult to find the desirable foster-parents. Perhaps if there were a demand for them, the supply would increase. Of course, my story points its all too obvious financial moral. If there are children, a monetary settlement is essential to protect them and also to protect the mother from a harassing situation and constant contact with a past whose associations may become very disagreeable.

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In the Driftway

CHICAGO is not the only place in the United States where the government has "gone broke." In Laurens County, Georgia, more than half of the public schools, with an enrolment of 5,000 children, have been closed until next autumn because of lack of money with which to pay the teachers. An effort was made to borrow funds with which to carry on, but banks both in and out of the State refused to make any further loans until the indebtedness for 1928 and 1929 was cleared up.

* * * * *

WHILE some public schools are closed because of financial bankruptcy, Thomas H. Briggs of Teachers College, New York City, would close all private schools by law because they are "educationally bankrupt." So between financial and educational bankruptcy there may be so many closed schools presently that almost any boy can respond to the inner call to go swimming in early March without playing hooky. Dr. Briggs is against the private schools because, he says, with a few exceptions they are not contributing anything to the progress of education and because it is unusual to find parents who send their children to private schools and at the same time do anything to promote public education. The Drifter thinks that Dr. Briggs underestimates the work done for the progress of education by private schools. Doubtless it is true that most of them are hidebound and ultra-conservative, but a saving remnant are doing experimental work of a highly interesting and valuable sort. The Drifter's own distrust of private schools—and it is a strong one—is not based on their educational methods but on the ground that they tend to create snobbery among the pupils.

* * * * *

WHEN the Drifter was a youngster, nearly all the boys and girls whom he knew went to the public schools, and all their parents would have thought it a mistake to send them elsewhere regardless of whether or not they could afford it; they felt that private schooling would make their children undemocratic. The Drifter understands that a similar feeling still exists in most parts of the United States and that in general it is thought that the public schools are not only more democratic but superior to private institutions in their educational technique. New York City is a notable exception. To the Drifter's distress most of the children of his friends in New York are sent to private schools—even when the parents can ill afford it—and much as the Drifter deplores the situation he sympathizes with the fathers and mothers who are responsible for it. In New York City the public schools are notoriously overcrowded, and good teachers are handicapped by a sterile political overlordship. But even if the schools were the best in the world, they are filled with children whose home environment constitutes an enormous impediment to effective education. When one considers that children learn more from their fellow-pupils than they do from their teachers, the situation puts conscientious parents in an unpleasant predicament between the desire to be democratic and a wish to do the best possible by their offspring. It is hard to see, for instance, how a child can grow up to use correct English in the public schools of New York City—though happily some of them do. Of course the defects of the New York public schools are largely due to the fact that parents of the so-called "better element" have preferred to send their children to private schools rather than put up a fight to improve the public-school system.

* * * * *

BUT however much truth there may be in Dr. Briggs's general argument in favor of public as against private schools, his proposal to close the latter by law goes too far unless we are prepared to accept absolutely the Russian system of life. It is true that children belong to the community as well as to their parents, but if the state is going to insist on taking sole and exclusive charge of their education, then it must also see that they are fed and clothed—and spanked when necessary. At the moment—and apart from the fact that the Supreme Court has ruled in connection with an Oregon statute that private schools may not be closed by law—Americans are no more ready to surrender the sole control of schooling to the state than they are to turn over to it the exclusive publication of their newspapers, magazines, and books. THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

"Strictly American"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: My copy of *The Nation* having failed to turn up in the mail last Saturday, I went to the large, fine shop of this capital city of Pennsylvania which deals exclusively in periodicals and stationery, to buy the missing copy. I was told that "We don't carry *The Nation*. We handle only strictly American publications."

Do please send me the missing number!

Harrisburg, Pa., February 14 HELEN R. MARTIN

Creative Centers

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Artists and professionals are being forced in growing numbers to eke out insufficient livelihoods in overcrowded and standardized atmospheres. There are unnumbered rural or suburban acres lying idle and untouched. Why not establish on these unused areas small units of artists and professionals? By concentrating on the surrounding community these artists and professionals might be able to fill both the social and educational needs of their neighbors. Economic betterment for all concerned would also be assured.

Four years of experience in one community in the Blue Ridge Mountains is the basis for this proposal. In this community we found a native population which ordinary industrial systems could not sustain because of its unstandardized character, and for which ordinary training schools made no provision. The modern approach in teaching proved the practical solution, since it preserved the native simplicity and at the same time gave it tangible outlet in group activity. We chose native hand-hooked rugs as a medium, but we also chose workers who had never made rugs commercially, because we found that the mechanical demands of tourist or "seasonal" trade had already

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destroyed any native freshness in the types upon which it drew. As artists, we began at the opposite pole and employed the same freedom in use of materials which we would have exercised in painting. The new rugs thus freely designed and created outsold the commercialized ones in the market; and our volunteer "industry" soon included fifty families within a radius of twenty miles.

There were literally hundreds of such families in our immediate vicinity, and there were other mediums besides rugs capable of development. By developing native resources and training native talents, creative centers would emerge as new clearing-spots for the new findings. These centers might logically function in cooperation with state extension departments.

New York, February 20 ZOLTAN HECHT
ROSA PRINGLE HECHT

Our Mistake

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In *The Nation* dated February 19 appears an article entitled The New Chief Justice. Speaking of Mr. Hughes, it says: "He came off the bench—to wage his weak and futile and intellectually pitiful campaign for the Presidency in 1912. Few contrasts could be greater than that between the Hughes of 1906 and the Hughes of 1912."

Mr. Hughes resigned from the Supreme Court in 1916. He was a member of that tribunal for six years, from 1910 to 1916.

New York, February 15 WILLIAM ISAACS

For Albany Readers

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The Nation Club of Albany is holding a meeting on March 4 at which Mr. Oswald Garrison Villard will speak. Harold P. Winchester, of the J. B. Lyon Company, Albany, is in charge of arrangements.

Albany, February 21 HAROLD P. WINCHESTER

Minorities in Czecho-Slovakia

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In *The Nation* for December 25, in an editorial comment dealing with the minority rights, you say that "the plain fact of the matter is that the Little Entente, and particularly Czecho-Slovakia, have treated the minorities treaties very much like scraps of paper."

Czecho-Slovakia concluded the treaty for protection of the minorities with the Allied Powers on September 10, 1919. This treaty consists of fourteen articles of which the most important are Articles VII, VIII, and IX. Article VII guarantees to all Czecho-Slovak citizens, without regard to race, language, or religion, full equality before the law, full civil and political rights, free use of any language in private, commercial, religious, and public life, and, finally, the possibility of the use of their own tongue before the courts. Article VIII guarantees to linguistic minorities the right to found their own philanthropic, religious, and social institutions and schools, and to use their own language. Of particularly great importance is Article IX which points out the duty of the government to establish minority schools in towns and districts containing a large number of inhabitants who do not speak the Czech language.

The provisions of the treaty have been incorporated in the Czecho-Slovak constitution. As to how they are applied in practice, the minority schools offer the best example. In the beginning of the school year 1925-26, there were in Bohemia, Moravia, and Silesia 7,628 Czech schools with 22,439 classes for 848,348 Czech children (an average number of 38 children in a class), and 3,493 German schools for 341,124 German children (38.6 average per class). These figures refer to the proportion of schools in Bohemia, Moravia, and Silesia only. The Czecho-Slovak government has, moreover, established German schools in Slovakia and Ruthenia where there were none under the Magyar regime. It has established in Slovakia 112 German schools, and there are 11 classes with 555 children in Carpathian Ruthenia.

The franchise in Czecho-Slovakia is universal, equal, and secret, without restriction, and in the Czecho-Slovak Parliament the various racial groups are represented according to the strength of their votes. In the election held on October 27, 1929, the racial groups in Czecho-Slovakia received the following representation. In preparing this table I have not apportioned to their respective nationalities thirty seats won by the Communists.

Czecho-Slovaks	191
Germans	66
Hungarians	9
Poles and Jews	4

The Germans are again represented in the government, having two ministers—one a Social Democrat, the other an Agrarian—in the Cabinet. Civic rights include liberty of the press and the right of public meeting. In 1918, in the whole territory of the Czecho-Slovak Republic, only 28 Magyar newspapers were published; at present there are more than 100. The flourishing political life and the number of associations and clubs among the Hungarian minority are the best proof of the minority's situation in this respect. The Hungarian minority had in Czecho-Slovakia in the 1924-25 school year 814 elementary schools, of which 811 were state schools and 3 private schools, 5 secondary schools, 1 agricultural school, and 1 commercial academy.

On the basis of the foregoing brief information, is it right to accuse Czecho-Slovakia of treating "the minorities treaties very much like scraps of paper"?

New York, December 27 S. KLÍMA

Contributors to This Issue

NORMAN ANGELL, author of "The Great Illusion" and editor of *Foreign Affairs,* is a Labor member of Parliament.

EDA LOU WALTON is assistant professor of English at Washington Square College, New York University.

HENRY HAZLITT is literary editor of *The Nation.*

FRED T. MARSH writes occasional book reviews for *The Nation.*

HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY is managing editor of *The Nation.*

NORMAN THOMAS is executive director of the League for Industrial Democracy.

BENJAMIN GINZBURG is preparing a volume to be entitled "The Adventure of Science."

W. J. GHENT is on the staff of the Dictionary of American Biography.

ALEXANDER BAKSHY, author of several books on the theater, writes on motion pictures for *The Nation.*

L. J. DE BEKKER is a New York journalist, secretary to the committee on Haiti.

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Books, Drama, Films

Park in the Gathering Dusk

By EDA LOU WALTON

The rare, unfathomed waters of spring night
Refill with deepening blue this well of trees,
Where tiny liquid lamps like luminous shells
Float windward on the dusk.
Somewhere a blossoming cherry is whirled down
The inundating tide, a fragrant pause,
And then the twilight rolling in again,
And memory lost.
And tiny pools close eyelids to night's hand
Laid delicately down.
The bosom of warm mist dilates encompassing
The sun-delivered garden.
And this that was a passion to the dawn,
Sought out and pressed upon,
Is, for the dark, a gathering place of tears.

The Pretensions of Humanism

Humanism and America. Essays on the Outlook of Modern Civilization. Edited by Norman Foerster. Farrar and Rinehart. $3.50.

FIFTEEN humanists, under the editorship of Norman Foerster, are here drawn up in battle formation, flinging, if I may quote the volume's paper jacket, "the challenge of culture to the anarchy of our times." In a martial chorus such as this, one may legitimately hope to come upon at least a clear definition of what humanism is. I regret to report, not indeed an absence of definition, but what is perhaps worse, an embarrassing excess and variety of definitions. Mr. Foerster begins by remarking that humanism, in its broadest signification, "denotes a belief that the proper study of mankind is man, and that this study should enable mankind to perceive and realize its humanity." One does not have to scrutinize this definition very closely to perceive its essential hollowness. Pope's line has always sounded impressive, but what does it mean? If it means that we must confine ourselves, in science, to psychology, human physiology, and the various social disciplines, and eschew botany, geology, astronomy, mathematics, physics, it is pure nonsense; if it means that man should study whatever interests man, it is the baldest truism. As to the second part of the definition, it seems to mean nothing more than that human beings are human beings, an observation not very illuminating.

Though Irving Babbitt's entire contribution to this volume is ostensibly "an essay at definition" of humanism, it does not seem to me very much more helpful. Mr. Babbitt does not in fact give any clear definition of humanism, though he does tell us, in several places, what it is that humanists aim at. They aim "at proportionateness through a cultivation of the law of measure." "'Nothing too much' is indeed the central maxim of all genuine humanists, ancient and modern." And a sentence of Matthew Arnold's is quoted in further support and elucidation: "I hate all over-preponderance of single elements."

Now if I may presume to say so, it seems to me that all this gets us precisely nowhere. Did Arnold hate the ocean, for its over-preponderance of salt water? Did he hate the heavens, for their over-preponderance of space? What *is* over-preponderance? How does one determine its existence? It seems to me that these last two are the only real questions. Everyone thinks himself opposed to over-preponderance, to disproportion, to "too much"; the words themselves are condemnations. The real disputes arise when it comes to determining, in any specific practical or literary judgment, just what constitutes "too much." And this means that "proportionateness" and "moderation" can never be final criteria; they are themselves subordinate to ulterior ends, and their presence or absence can only be determined by reference to those ends.

Even Mr. Babbitt does not believe in moderation when it comes to a showdown. Not when he is wrestling with those serpents, the naturalists. "When first principles are involved," he points out righteously, "the law of measure is no longer applicable. One should not be moderate in dealing with error." And when the battle grows hottest most of the other humanistic laws also go by the board. In his *Forum* article we found Mr. Babbitt denouncing the "anti-intellectualists" from Rousseau to Bergson; here we find him appropriating the entire Bergsonian poison: "The final appeal of the humanist is not to any historical convention but to intuition." He can spend half his breath regretting our "egoistic impulses," and then write that "the real humanist consents, like Aristotle, to limit his desires only in so far as this limitation can be shown to make for his *own* happiness" [italics mine]. At least the law of self-contradiction seems to hold a secure place in the humanistic credo.

We must pass on to the rest of the stalwart little band. Louis Trenchard More, listed as a professor of physics at the University of Cincinnati, seeks to show that a science of psychology, of sociology, or even of biology is impossible; that the only possible science is physics, "for the aim of all science is, and must be, to express its laws in the language of mechanics." Having left us with only one science, Mr. More evidently does not think very much of the present state of that one. He finds Whitehead, Eddington, and Einstein "dreamers," who "have pictured a phantasmagoria, instead of a world, as non-sensical as the hallucinations of the medieval monk driven mad by the fevers of asceticism."

Paul Elmer More's contribution is merely a reprint from "The Demon of the Absolute"; it is an attempt to settle perhaps the most baffling of all metaphysical problems—the relation of the mental and physical worlds—by a display of irrelevant oratory. I have already reviewed this elsewhere. Mr. G. R. Elliott has discovered that "the main source of our modern spiritual catastrophe . . . is . . . blind spiritual pride. . . . We see how vicious it was for the Stoic to be proud of his pride, and for the monk to be proud of his humility. We have not yet seen how vicious it is for the modern citizen to be proud of being neither proud nor humble." There would not seem to be much chance of escaping viciousness. Mr. Elliott, however, points a way: "The human task is to clarify and obey, as well as we can, Laws which we did not invent." Mr. Elliott does not tell us just what these Laws are; the awe-struck majuscule suggests the Ten Commandments, but Mr. Elliott prefers not to be vulgarly specific. In any case it would seem to me both difficult and presumptuous for man to attempt to clarify Laws which he had no hand in inventing. Mr. Elliott, I might add, opines that Baron Friedrich von Hügel and Professor Irving Babbitt are "the two most potent and distinguished personalities . . . that have so far appeared in English literature of the twentieth century."

Mr. T. S. Eliot believes that "the need of the modern world is the discipline and training of the emotions," and this, he has found, is "only attainable through dogmatic religion." As for humanism, he does not attempt to define it: "I take it that the reader thinks he knows what it means, and that he will

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understand that I am putting before him the difference between what I think he thinks it means and what I think I think it means."

As the reader is perhaps becoming a bit dizzy at this point, it may be well to haul up. The present symposium is surely not lacking in value, and many of its contributors are men of high ability. Mr. Robert Shafer has written an admirable article, from his standpoint, on Dreiser, and I have read Mr. A. R. Thompson on modern tragedy, Mr. H. H. Clark on American fiction, Mr. S. P. Chase on modern poetry, and Mr. Gorham B. Munson on modern critics, if not always with agreement, at least with interest and profit. One must guard against allowing the humanists to drive one into a merely antagonistic position; their own philosophy, as I indicated recently in discussing Mr. Babbitt, is itself largely a product of "the subservience of contradiction." Much of what they have to say about tradition, knowledge, discipline, completeness, is worth at least a respectful hearing. My own objections to their views I have already set forth in a previous article. They are trying to revive an outworn and discredited metaphysics. They fancy they have solved problems when they have merely distributed labels and catchwords. Most of them seem to imagine that complex literary questions can be settled by the crude methods of practical politics, and they see the literary scene naively as a bi-party struggle for power between the Humanists and the Naturalists. They are in the habit of judging all writers, not by their genius, originality, or power, but by whether or not they are fountains of correct humanistic thought. I may as well confess, finally, that I distrust not only "humanism" but every other sweeping pansophy with equal pretensions. Surely there is no more glaring example of "blind pride" than these pat wholesale solutions of the infinitely complex and diverse problems of life and art.

HENRY HAZLITT

"All That Glitters—"

Pure Gold. By O. E. Rolvaag. English Text by Sivert Erdahl and the Author. Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

THIS novel is a study in avarice. The incidents are selected with unvarying monotony to show how the lust for money grew in the hearts of an ignorant Norwegian-American couple until it came to dominate their lives and, eventually, to destroy them. The years go by and the "babies" (gold coins), the "brats" (bank notes), and the "shillings" (silver dollars) accumulate in spite of two or three affairs that involve heavy losses. Later, all the money is changed for "kids" (thousand-dollar bills), which the two divide between them and carry in canvas belts worn day and night, winter and summer, next to the skin. Only once does the author leave his two pathetic misers to look about him. Then it is to show the effect of the war on the rural community in which they live. This portion of the book adds little to his story, or to our understanding of war psychology.

Mr. Rolvaag has not attempted to write a true novel. Instead, he has written a theme-story of the De Maupassant order, extended to novel length and unsupported by subtlety of approach or beauty of style. "Pure Gold" is not well sustained. In parts it is baldly reiterative, the result of heavy-handedness. Some of the passages, showing the gradual disintegration of character, are well thought out and well executed. But it is time that the critical reader should demand something more than character studies, descriptions, essays, from the novelist who claims serious attention. All these may be done in forms which, though no less delightful, are comprehensively less demanding than the novel.

FRED T. MARSH

Economics and Ethics

Economics and Ethics. By J. A. Hobson. D. C. Heath and Company. $4.

THERE was a certain fine inevitability in the choice of John A. Hobson by the editors of the Heath Social Relations Series to write their volume on "Economics and Ethics," for no other man in the English-speaking world shares in equal degree the qualifications for that task possessed by the distinguished contributing editor of *The Nation.* His long career as an outstanding unorthodox economist, his broad studies in other fields of social science, and his lifelong humanistic interest mark him out as the one man best qualified to undertake the pioneer work of bringing modern economics back into fruitful relations with modern ethics.

Mr. Hobson first defines welfare in terms of organic well-being, giving due weight at once to the innate equipment of the human animal and to the complex of ideas and institutions that bind him in the community. The "formal disparagement of community in the interests of an all-absorbing personality is the most distinctive note of modern life," says Mr. Hobson, and his book must be judged a successful attempt at a proper redressing of the balance. "The art of human welfare in its full relation to the population of the earth and the civilization of the future" he considers the chief duty of man, and economics becomes a branch of the wider study of human conduct.

Production and valuation are both social processes; all rights, to property and income alike, rest essentially on their contribution to well-being. Hence absolute individual claims disappear. The question becomes, not how much the community may take from the individual, but how much it shall allow him. Here enters Mr. Hobson's well-known distinction between costs, the payments necessary to call forth economic activity, and surplus, the payments not thus necessary. Costs, even as things stand, do not include the ridiculously exaggerated amounts we pay our great business men like Henry Ford, or the loot taken by monopolies and economic "pulls" at hundreds of points through our economic system. Surplus, wherever it arises, ought generally to be taken, by taxation or otherwise, for common purposes such as the increase of material equipment, the productive training of the human agent, above all, the provision of those non-economic common services on which so much of the interest and richness of life depends. An intelligent and equitable control of distribution is an essential condition to an orderly and adequate production, and that in turn to a genuinely humane consumption.

> Thus the humanist who regards the advance of civilization and of personal well-being as requiring a diminishing volume of human interest and energy to be devoted to the economic functions, an increasing volume to the free arts of personal expression and enjoyment, will fasten upon the social control of the machinery of production as an indispensable condition for enabling man as consumer to secure the leisure and liberty in which alone an art of life may flourish.

It is impossible to follow the detail of Mr. Hobson's interesting suggestions for the reform and improvement of the economic system in the light of his dominant ethical principle. Perhaps their spirit has already been sufficiently suggested. Recognizing clearly the difficulties and limitations of community action, he yet sees plainly the necessity of rational social control if our disordered and acquisitive economic system is to be brought into its true place as an important part of a real system of human welfare. Thus controlled, he envisages it forever reducing the human costs and increasing the human utilities

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of economic goods and services, thus liberating more and more of human energy for "those free creative activities in which production and consumption are fused in costless satisfactions." It is a noble idea, admirably worked out.

HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY

Aggressive Pacifism

Pacifism in the Modern World. Edited by Devere Allen. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.

MR. ALLEN has given us a symposium to which most of the better-known American pacifists, Fenner Brockway of England, and Rabindranath Tagore of India have contributed. It is notable for the vigor and range of its ideas and for two other qualities: (1) the pacifism the writers discuss is not passivism; it is or seeks to be positive, even aggressive, as a method of dealing with injustice; (2) this pacifism is not derivative; that is, it does not rest on some texts of Scripture, nor is it, as most of the writers see it, a mere deduction from some abstract philosophical principle. Each writer deals more or less strictly with some particular phase of the problem—e.g., pacifism and national security, pacifism and class war, etc. The method obviously has the disadvantages as well as the advantages of all symposiums. It gives us, however, a book well worth the reading, and offers food for thought even to those whom it does not completely convert.

NORMAN THOMAS

The Sex Racket

Our Changing Human Nature. By Samuel D. Schmalhausen. The Macaulay Company. $3.50.

THIS is a collection of essays, articles, and literary sweepings served with pungent psycho-analytic sauce. There are disquisitions on human nature, psychology, woman, civilization, modern poetry, George Bernard Shaw, Frank Harris, H. L. Mencken, and above all, sex. The chapter headings include Sex and Human Nature, The Psychology and Pathology of Sex (A Preface to the New Sexology), Sex in the New Society, The Fall of Woman, The Immorality of Conventional Morals (A Study in Sadism). The other thirteen chapters are also not lacking in the sex appeal.

The only comforting thought that the reviewer got after wading through the 500 pages of the book was the hope that we may soon be nearing the end of the psycho-analytic sex racket. Whether it be out of a desire to vary the monotony of straight sexology, or out of deference to a public saturated with a sex diet, or finally whether it be through an internal development of doctrine, the reviewer does not know, but Mr. Schmalhausen is led, in some of his essays, to champion the view that we need something more than straight psycho-analysis and sex expressionism. We must reconcile sex and the ego, he tells us; we must harmonize sex and human nature. It is this that leads the publishers to couple Mr. Schmalhausen with Walter Lippmann as advocating on psycho-analytic grounds the Lippmann morality of self-discipline. The reviewer would not go so far; there seems to him to be no trace of self-discipline in Mr. Schmalhausen's book. On the most serious interpretation of his thesis, what Mr. Schmalhausen seems to be looking for is how to keep the "kick" in sex from evaporating after psycho-analysis has uncorked the bottle. Doubtless, as he tells us, we shall need a much greater Freud to solve this problem for us.

None the less the fact that Mr. Schmalhausen entertains such a thesis may be regarded as a hopeful sign of the times. People are beginning to find out that there is more in the human problem of love than the physical instinct of sex. Sophistication, when no longer regarded as equivalent to wisdom, may eventually become a drug on the market. If this happens, an old, old rhythm will be repeated. The rhythm goes back to Adam, who was probably the first to discover—and without the aid of Mr. Freud—the physical side of love. Out of his discovery came the myth of the tree of knowledge which, according to Spinoza, was simply designed to teach man that he was not altogether like the animals in the Garden, and that he had specifically human, moral problems. This moral may yet find an audience in these modern times of ours. And when that occurs, the sex racket will be liquidated and the new psychology will be absorbed into the humanistic tradition.

BENJAMIN GINZBURG

The Hero of San Jacinto

The Raven. A Life Story of Sam Houston. By Marquis James. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $5.

IT is as a national figure, and an important one, that Mr. James regards Houston, and he has presented the man against the background of national events. But the personality of Houston is unique, and the author's happiest efforts are given to a portrayal of his character. The book is the result of years of research. The author has had access to sources untouched by any other writer and has made effective use of them. He has sought not only the facts, but from legends and traditions the atmosphere of the different environments in which Houston moved. In his treatment there is neither "heroizing" nor depreciation. One sets down the book confident that the hero of San Jacinto has at last been presented as he was.

Every period of this enigmatical being's career is brought into clearer relief. Wild, indolent, and romantic, an aimless runaway among the Cherokees of eastern Tennessee, adopted by Chief Oo-loo-te-ka as a son and named Co-lon-neh, or the Raven, the boy showed little promise of the part he was later to play. But then came the War of 1812, his notable service as a soldier, and out of that service a sudden rise to preferment and fame. The romantic tragedy of Houston's life—his separation from his young bride, his resignation of the governorship of Tennessee, and his self-exile among the Indians—is deftly treated by Mr. James. The women who played so determining a part in Houston's career are all here in vivid portraiture: his mother; his first wife, Eliza Allen; his Cherokee wife, Tiana; Anna Raguet, whom he loved but could not win though he dowered her with "half the laurels of San Jacinto"; and the romantic but highly capable Margaret Lea, who married him, reformed his bad habits, and was in all things an ideal helpmeet.

Fresh incident and color are given to the period of exile among the western Cherokees. Introduced to this recently opened field by Grant Foreman's "Pioneer Days in the Early Southwest," Mr. James has found material in the Indian Bureau that enables him to picture anew the life that surged about Fort Gibson in the 1820's and 1830's. It is a scene dominated by the figure of that picturesque frontier baron, Colonel Auguste Pierre Chouteau (who, by the way, was *not* a son of "one of the founders of the French outpost of St. Louis"); but Houston's part is also outstanding even when grossly discreditable. He was there to become involved in a scandal over a government contract, to have his Indian name, the Raven, exchanged for that of the Big Drunk, and to sink to the nadir of his reputation; but it is from there also that, inspired by a new purpose,

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he was to set out on the adventure that was to bring him triumph and renown.

Considerably more than half of the book is given to the Texas period, to Houston's service in the United States Senate, and to his stubborn contest with the secessionists. The field has been worked over often, but Mr. James offers new lights that compel new interpretations and especially a stronger emphasis on Houston's part in national affairs. The man who out of an undisciplined rabble created an army, who with a remnant of this army in a single victory established the independence of Texas, and who out of chaos built up a stable republic was until 1846 only a sectional, a provincial figure. But the man who later maneuvered this republic into the Union, who as Senator and then as Governor was always an unflinching supporter of the Union, who in 1860 was strongly supported for the Presidency, and who conceivably might have been nominated and elected was an actor on a larger stage. It is this Houston that the author would have the reader particularly remember.

Mr. James's short, crisp statements, interlaced here and there with sentences longer and more flexible, give movement and dignity to the narrative, and there are many spritely turns of phrase. It is a style that will, no doubt, find many admirers, but to the present reviewer it has at least some of the defects of its qualities. If it avoids the modern vice of smartness, it not infrequently reveals an overstraining for effect. The device of ending a sentence with "however" or "nevertheless" hardly imparts the air of happy negligence that is intended, and the constant emphasis on events that are picturesque or striking entails the omission of many of the little connecting facts and explanations that are essential to good historical narration. Nevertheless, the work is entitled to high praise. As history it is thorough and authentic, and as a story it is of absorbing interest.

W. J. GHENT

Books in Brief

Joy Is My Name. By Sarah Salt. Payson and Clarke. $2.50.

This slight story of a commonplace little tragedy, told with swiftness and precision, is no less poignant because it contains none of that perverted romanticism by use of which some women novelists think to achieve realism in their "slices-of-life" fiction. Joy is a provincial English girl of the lower middle class. She has achieved her heart's desire and is a "real actress" in a small and tawdry repertory company. But she loses her pitiful little job when the leading man buys her a pair of pretty shoes. Joy nearly starves looking for work in London; even worse is the disillusion of her homecoming to "dearest mother." Finally she seeks out her old beau, the whilom leading man, now, morally as well as materially, a down-and-outer. In Miss Salt's writing one comes to look for brilliant sentences—sentences that do more than sparkle, for they serve to illuminate the depths of her understanding.

The Apes. By Eden Phillpotts. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

Mr. Phillpotts is a versatile Englishman. His new book, partly a satire on humanity and partly a preachment of humanism, tells of the apes of some far-off era who, in congress assembled, receive a prevision of their child-to-be—man. It is a very small book and, although it is pleasant enough reading, seems hardly to warrant the full-book-length price which the publishers ask.

Free. By Blair Niles. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

The author of "Condemned to Devil's Island" has here written a novel having the same general background as that

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eminently successful fictional biography. The French penal colony in Guiana is the scene. In the novel the characters are no longer convicts; they are ex-convicts, lost souls who, freed from prison, must remain the rest of their lives in exile in this poverty-stricken patch of South America. That Mrs. Niles knows her locale one cannot for a moment doubt. And yet she has failed to convey the reality to her readers. Her ex-convicts and natives seem fictional characters intended to carry along the somewhat melodramatic plot; and the book lacks the convincing power that might have succeeded in raising it above the level of the competent serial story.

Consequences. By Julia Ellsworth Ford. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

Mrs. Ford has chosen the novel as her vehicle for a powerful exposé and excoriation of the traffic in opium. In an exciting story which holds the interest to its very end she lays bare the great sin of the West against the East. Lord Ramondi, son and heir of the fabulously wealthy Marquis of Berkeley, decides to travel in India and China after his graduation from Oxford. This will afford him time to decide whether he shall please his father by taking his place at the head of the family and administering the fortune that shall one day be his, or follow his own desire to become an artist. In China he makes many friends and he finds there the woman, a beautiful Chinese girl, whom he chooses for his future wife. Then, quite by accident, Ramondi learns the source of his father's wealth. It has been accumulated at the expense of numberless Orientals, some of whom he has come to count among his most valued friends, whose craving for opium, unscrupulously encouraged by those who profit by its sale, has filled the coffers of his father and of many another "noble" white man. Ramondi, overwhelmed by this terrible discovery, becomes himself temporarily the victim of his father's sin, thereby visiting upon the Marquis the punishment he deserves, a punishment which breaks him at last upon the wheel of remorse. "Consequences" points a moral which every one who prates of the "white man's burden" should take to heart.

Yama: The Pit. By Alexandre Kuprin. Translated from the Russian by Bernard Guilbert Guerney. $3.

A sentimental, humane, photographic, and very moral depiction of life in a brothel. From Kuprin we learn that the brothel is a social evil inevitable while poverty and ignorance exist, that harlots are essentially human, and that disease is the terrible price of lechery. The worst features of this artistically indifferent book are the luridness of the jacket, the obtrusiveness of the translator, and the absurd extravagances of the introduction.

Rose of Corinth. By Mitchell S. Buck. Nicholas L. Brown.

This attractive little pink volume is inclosed in a green box, is excellently printed on French Navarre paper, and contains charming green decorations by Franz Felix. It should prove an agreeable ornament for the tables of those who buy their books to look at. The reading matter consists of a short story about a beautiful hetaera in ancient Corinth. It is slightly appealing to the erotic imagination, but otherwise quite inconsequential.

The Life of an Ordinary Woman. By Anne Ellis. With an Introduction by Lucy Fitch Perkins. Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.50.

This is, of course, not at all the life of an ordinary woman but the history of two magnificent female creatures—one Mrs. Ellis herself and the other her mother. The latter had her numerous babies by herself and unaided, and then got up from her bed and cooked a meal for the rest of the family. She was a miner's wife, brought up in all the hardships and penury of mining camps, accustomed to work from sunrise to

"He has brought furrows of care to the brow of the Mayor of Chicago,

but he continues unperturbed at his task of reinterpreting the American Revolution. In his new volume, as in the former ones, Professor Van Tyne gives no aid and comfort to the thought that the War of Independence was a struggle between embattled cherubims and the demons of darkness. . . . His thorough narrative, vivid in many pages, whets the appetite for further treatment from the same source."—*Allen Sinclair Will in the New York Times.*

"By virtue of its high literary quality, its impressive erudition, its aloof impartiality, its unhurried temper and dignity, this book must be pronounced a notable contribution to the historical literature of our time."—*Henry Steele Commager in the New York Herald Tribune.*

"This volume is a positive pleasure for an historian who has the least vestige of an analytical mind. . . . If the test of the interest of a book is its power of engrossing no matter where it is opened and read, this is more than interesting."—*America.*

"Not only scholarly, but absorbingly interesting. . . . One of the most readable histories of the Revolution which has ever been written."—*Chicago Tribune.*

THE WAR OF INDEPENDENCE

By Claude H. Van Tyne

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sunset cooking, baking, washing, scrubbing, nursing the sick, coaxing along a lazy or bad tempered or merely aimless husband, bearing and raising a brood of wild ones that were the despair of the neighbors. Mrs. Ellis, the oldest of these, herself married not one miner but two, and lived through strikes and good times until she was a second time left a widow. Where her mother had seven children, dying at thirty-nine, she bore three and lost one—and lives to write her story. It is a pertinent addition to the saga of the pioneers. They, men as well as women, were cast in a heroic mold; but reading the list of woman's chores, one wonders if the scales of heroism did not tip ever so little in favor of the wife, the mother, the housekeeper.

Drama

Turn to the Left

"TOPAZE" (Music Box) is a malicious and delightful comedy with a completely immoral tendency. Adapted from the French of Marcel Pagnol by Benn W. Levy, it might be briefly described as the American underworld drama inverted. Instead of the crook who reforms in the last act, we have the honest man who goes completely crooked, and instead of this being presented as a tragedy, it is put before us as a success story. It is a girl, too, who is chiefly instrumental in inducing the hero to give up his honest ways. He wins her in the last act, when he has proved himself more of a scoundrel than his mentor, and his proposal is not an honorable one of marriage, but simply that she shall be his mistress. She accepts, and the curtain falls on a happy ending.

It may be because of my upbringing, but I confess that Topaze, the hero, appealed to me most in the first two acts, when he was still a fool and an honest man. We encounter him first as a schoolmaster, laboriously trying to indoctrinate his little boys in the principles of virtue. He endeavors to teach them that ill-gotten gains do not bring happiness, that poverty is no crime, but most of them distress him by repeatedly giving sensible and realistic answers to such questions as whether a man who has enriched himself through evil means has any friends. He is finally dismissed from the school for his insistence on giving honest marks to the stupid son of a baroness.

Suzy Courtois, the rich and beautiful lady whose nephew he has been tutoring, is the mistress of a corrupt legislator who has been turning over various municipal contracts to his own corporations headed by a dummy. Topaze, completely innocent, is hired as this dummy at a salary beyond his wildest dreams, and is horrified when he discovers the corruption to which he has been a party. But instead of jail and dishonor, he finds that his new wealth and prominence bring him only compliment, respect, and friends seeking favors. The turning-point comes when he learns that the newspaper which threatened to expose him can be bought off, and when his great ambition, a degree in moral philosophy, which had previously been denied him on his merits, is secured for him by blackmail. Thereupon he takes the reins in his own hands, embarks upon corruption on an international scale, kicks his former employer out, and appropriates his employer's mistress.

Frank Morgan as Topaze gives one of the most admirable performances of the season, realizing to the full not only the early guilelessness and timidity of the character, but the deep pathos of the spectacle of trust and innocence confronting a worldly world.

The return of Fred Stone to the stage in "Ripples" (New Amsterdam), accompanied not only by Mrs. Stone and Dorothy but by still another beautiful and talented daughter, Paula, is the occasion for one of those tender evenings when a sophisticated New York audience smiles with tears in its eyes and laughs good-naturedly at anything said. "Ripples" is in the best tradition of Fred Stone plays: there is excellent dancing and acrobatics, a sentimental story based on the legend of Rip Van Winkle, with a lovely mountain scene and a haunting dance of dwarfs, clean fun, and tuneful music. The humor is not all it might be, but Andrew Tombes and Eddie Foy, Jr., handle their material very commendably.

HENRY HAZLITT

To John Wexley, himself an actor, we owe one of the most extraordinary plays ever put on in New York, "The Last Mile," at the Sam H. Harris Theater. It is a tragedy of the death house in a prison, based obviously on the recent prison mutinies in Colorado and New York and possibly upon a story in the *American Mercury*. Whether it was meant to be primarily propaganda is not clear, but if it was then the young author has achieved that rare thing, a piece of propaganda of extraordinary power and of a dramatic intensity and worth which leave nothing to be desired. Indeed, if it were more emotional and more intense the first act would be unbearable; as it was it was hardly to be endured. It portrayed the last couple of hours of a man condemned to die, the horrible ritual of preparation, the frightful effect of it all upon six other condemned men, the nauseating religious preparations, the final abandonment of hope, the march to the death chair, and finally the hum of the motor which recorded the fact that a stupid and backward State had itself committed the very crime for which it was inflicting its barbarous penalty. We defy any intelligent person to sit through this act and come out a believer in capital punishment.

The heartrending power of the scene was in part due to the altogether admirable acting of the convicted men in their cells—the march of the doomed man to the chair, most movingly portrayed by James Bell, remains unforgettable, his legs plainly weighing a ton each—and in part to the remarkable simplicity, directness, and naturalness of the dialogue, into which no mawkish sentiment was allowed to obtrude. The next acts were given over to the hopeless revolt of the convicts, who take several prisoners including the priest and the principal keeper. The latter and one of his subordinates are killed in cold blood by "Killer" Mears (splendidly acted by Spencer Tracy) as if to bring out the fact that even this horrible killing cannot be so revolting as a deliberate execution by the State. If the members of the New York Legislature could be induced to see this play they would certainly pass the bill abolishing murder by the State.

All in all, here is a great play, extraordinarily creditable to author and producer. It deserves a run of years.

O. G. V.

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Films

Inflated "Grandeur"

I DO not know if any psychologist has tried to analyze the peculiar complexes which dominate the minds of the film-manufacturing colony in Hollywood, but I am certain that the people there suffer from some strange mental disease. Taken individually they seem to have the normal quota of intelligence, technical competence, and even imagination. In any collective effort, however, they almost invariably sink to sheer puerility. Witness the present Hollywood craze for plots dealing with stage life. Picture after picture has shown us the miraculous rise of an unknown vaudeville actor to stardom on Broadway. Why, you will ask, this persistent riding to death of a patently trivial subject? Because the public demands it? No, I am sure the reason is simply that Hollywood finds in stage life the easiest formula for making a song-and-dance show realistically plausible. It has obviously never occurred to the film producers that actors today are much more anxious to attain stardom in Hollywood than on Broadway. Nor has it occurred to them that a film within a film provides as many opportunities for singing and dancing as does a play within a play or, to be more precise, a play within a film. But then, to make singing and dancing expressly cinematic, something that belongs intrinsically to the screen instead of being a slavish copy of the stage, requires a little thinking and a little imagination, whereas aping the stage requires none.

It is this strange preference for the trite and hackneyed that makes "Happy Days" (Roxy) such a painful disappointment. For "Happy Days" is not an ordinary picture. It is an experiment designed to herald forth a new achievement in cinematic technique—the enlarged projection. You would think that with the increased screen space at their command the producers would have tried to present their entertainers (since the picture is largely a revue) in all the variety of simultaneous contrasts and juxtapositions made possible by the enlarged projection. You would expect to see the screen surface used for weaving decorative and rhythmic patterns built up of different groups of actors and dancers on the principle of parallel action. But what do you find? A not particularly bright comedy introduction of stage life leading up to a glorified but uncommonly dull minstrel show, both of which derive no greater benefit from the larger screen than the ability to show an increased number of people at the same time or a full-sized figure on a scale approximating the normal. Neither of these advantages is of much importance except for reproducing the effect of the stage.

By contrast with "Happy Days," "Puttin' on the Ritz" (Earl Carroll Theater) may almost pass for a Hollywood masterpiece. To be sure, it has its defects—the inevitable story of a vaudeville team and all the stage business that goes with it—but it breaks away from the routine in a number of scenes, notably, in Harry Richman's spirited dance against the perfervid movements of the chorus. For this, Mr. Sloman, the director, deserves high praise.

Praise is also due to Mr. George Arliss for his brilliant acting in "The Green Goddess" (Winter Garden), a slight but entertaining skit by William Archer which does not obtrude its stage descent on the screen, although it does not achieve, either, any cinematic distinction.

As a comedy "Not so Dumb" (Capitol) is sufficiently amusing, with Miss Marion Davies proving herself a very able comedienne. Mr. King Vidor's direction of the picture, however, is only competent, and from him, of all Hollywood directors, we are entitled to expect something far more inspiring.

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The Apple Cart—Beck—45th St., E. of Eighth Ave.
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Films

China Express—Cameo—42nd St., E. of B'dway.
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Haiti—a Plan for Self-Government

By L. J. DE BEKKER

NEWS that the American Occupation might be withdrawn from Haiti aroused the keenest interest in the island; and this interest was increased to great excitement by Senator Borah's declaration that first among the "things to be done meantime," that is, before the Hoover Commission made its report, was the substitution of a civil governor to replace High Commissioner Russell. The reactions to this proposal were various and significant. The subsidized newspapers representing the Occupation and President Borno at once assumed the attitude that the appointment of a civil governor would be an insult to the national pride of Haiti. The Opposition press immediately retorted that it was not important what the governor was called, especially during a transitional period, since the American high commissioner had been governor in fact since 1922. This view, expressed by Charles Moravia in his Opposition journal, *Le Temps,* drew a supporting letter from Elie Guérin, a Haitian lawyer and for many years a prominent figure in the Haitian nationalist movement. After remarking that it seemed as though word must have been given by Borno to his newspapers to feign indignation at the word governor, M. Guérin continues as follows:

As *Le Temps* has so judiciously asked: Why should we be alarmed at the correct naming of a thing which we have endured [under another name] for eight long and mortal years? As *Le Temps* said in its editorial:

> Since 1922 this country has endured the misdeeds of a governor under the name of high commissioner. . . . [Yet] because he does not call himself governor the so-called patriotism of some people accommodates itself to the situation [to his misdeeds], in spite of the ruin and misery, the despair and the blood which his proconsulate has spread throughout the country to the point of engendering revolution. [Now, when] in order to assure definitive relief [for Haiti] it is proposed to invest his successor with the title of governor, here are people feigning indignation who have never played and do not wish to play any role except that of executioners of their country! A handsome state of affairs! . . .

Indeed a handsome state of affairs! We nationalists say this: If we have been able to endure for fifteen years the thing itself in all its horror without faltering and without approving it, ceaselessly struggling against it in spite of all the risks of persecutions and suffering, we shall express no indignation merely because it is called by its true name.

It is necessary for the Haitian nation to permit a high commissioner or a governor to restore her sovereign rights, just as she permitted Admiral Caperton to come and rob her of them, but this must be done under the following conditions:

> 1. Cessation of the convention of 1915. The terms of this convention are still enforced, although the treaty expired in 1926.
>
> 2. Immediate notification to the Haitian people to prepare for an election, to be held under an altogether liberal electoral rule, for the selection of senators and deputies.
>
> 3. Discussion and ratification of a protocol or a treaty to be made by a reconstituted national Haitian government providing for the withdrawal of the American Occupation.

Here lies the only solution which is at once logical, acceptable, and satisfactory if we are to dismiss the possibility of indemnification by the United States. . . .

While the subsidized press continued to speculate about the changes which might result in the government of Haiti as a result of the commission's visit, without admitting for a moment the possibility of the withdrawal of the marines, the leaders of the Opposition were in consultation over plans for an orderly and gradual withdrawal not only of the marines but of the entire American Occupation, following the establishment of a genuinely representative government elected by the Haitian people. Placide David, editor of *La Presse,* outlined in his paper a plan for self-government which is printed herewith:

1. On April 5 next the American agents shall suggest to the local government that in the interest of public peace the presidential election of April 14 be postponed.
2. On May 15, the term of the actual president normally coming to an end, the representative of President Hoover shall assume the responsibility of government. (It goes without saying that General Russell will not occupy this position.)
3. The special American agent shall surround himself with a council, including some Haitian representatives, to assist him in the promulgation of executive orders which shall have the following objects and shall be issued under the conditions mentioned:

> (a) Formation of electoral registration commissions.
> (b) Rules for procedure of legislative elections.
> (c) Slight modifications in the method of election of senators so as to conform more to our traditions, in accordance with the constitution of 1889.
> (d) These executive orders shall be issued within two months, that is, between May 15 and July 15. At this latter date the primary assemblies shall be convoked, and a delay of two months accorded for the registration of voters.
> (e) The election of deputies and that of electors of arrondissements shall be fixed for September 30. These two elections shall be held at the same time.
> (f) On September 30 voters shall convocate at the capital of each electoral district, in a place designated by the communal administration, for the election of candidates for the senate.
> (g) On October 10 the convocation of the deputies and the establishment of the chamber shall take place.
> (h) From October 10 to 20 the chamber shall proceed to the election of senators.
> (i) On October 25 the senate shall be convened.
> (j) On October 26, the two chambers shall meet in the National Constitutional Assembly for the vote on the new constitution. Under the circumstances this work ought to be completed at the latest by December 10.
> (k) On December 15 election of the president of the republic shall take place.
> (l) On December 20 the chief of state shall be sworn in.

At this last date the mission of the special representative of President Hoover as well as the military occupation should have come to an end. It seems to us that these are practical ideas which should receive the attention of the President of the United States.

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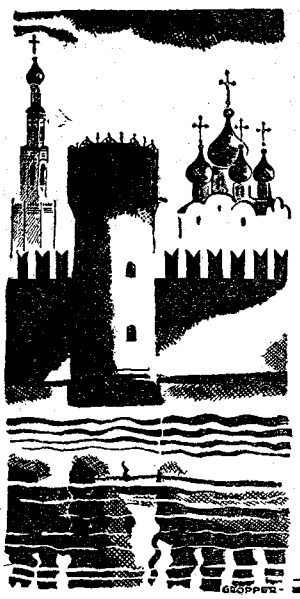

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LECTURES

THE PEOPLE'S INSTITUTE
PROGRAM—Feb. 28-March 8. AT COOPER UNION, 8th Street and Astor Place, at 8 o'clock. Admission Free.

Friday, Feb. 28
DR. EVERETT DEAN MARTIN
THE PSYCHOLOGY OF PROGRESS
The Effects of the Advance of Knowledge.
ETHICS AND SOCIAL SCIENCE

Sunday, March 2
DR. SCOTT BUCHANAN
WHITEHEAD: "Science and the Modern World."
NATURAL SCIENCE

Tuesday, March 4
DR. HENRY J. FRY
The Laws of Heredity.

MUHLENBERG BRANCH LIBRARY
209 West 23rd St., at 8:30 o'clock

Monday, March 3
MR. NATHANIEL PEFFER
China: A Civilization in Disintegration: "China Today: Vacuum."

Wednesday, March 5
DR. JOHN BARTLET BREBNER
Literature as Social History. "The Art of Ignoring Feeling."

Thursday, March 6
DR. E. G. SPAULDING
The Ways and Means of Reasoning. "Reasoning in Idealism: Plato, Berkeley, Hegel."

Saturday, March 8
DR. V. J. McGILL
Phenomenology. "Phenomenology: Plato and Husserl."

PERETZ HIRSCHBEIN
the eminent Yiddish dramatist and poet, who has recently returned from a trip in the Orient, will lecture on—
THE REVOLUTIONARY MOVEMENT IN INDIA
Friday Evening, February 28th, 1930,
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DISCUSSION

THE GROUP
A Clearing House of Opinion
meets at Auditorium—150 West 85th St.
Tuesday, March 4th, at 8:30 P. M.
IVY L. LEE
(*Noted Publicist*)
will speak on:
"PROBLEMS OF THE ORIENT"
Sunday afternoon at 4 P. M. (March 9th)
Informal Discussion Group
SEYMOUR A. SELIGSON
will speak on:
ALDOUS HUXLEY
(And The Sophisticates)
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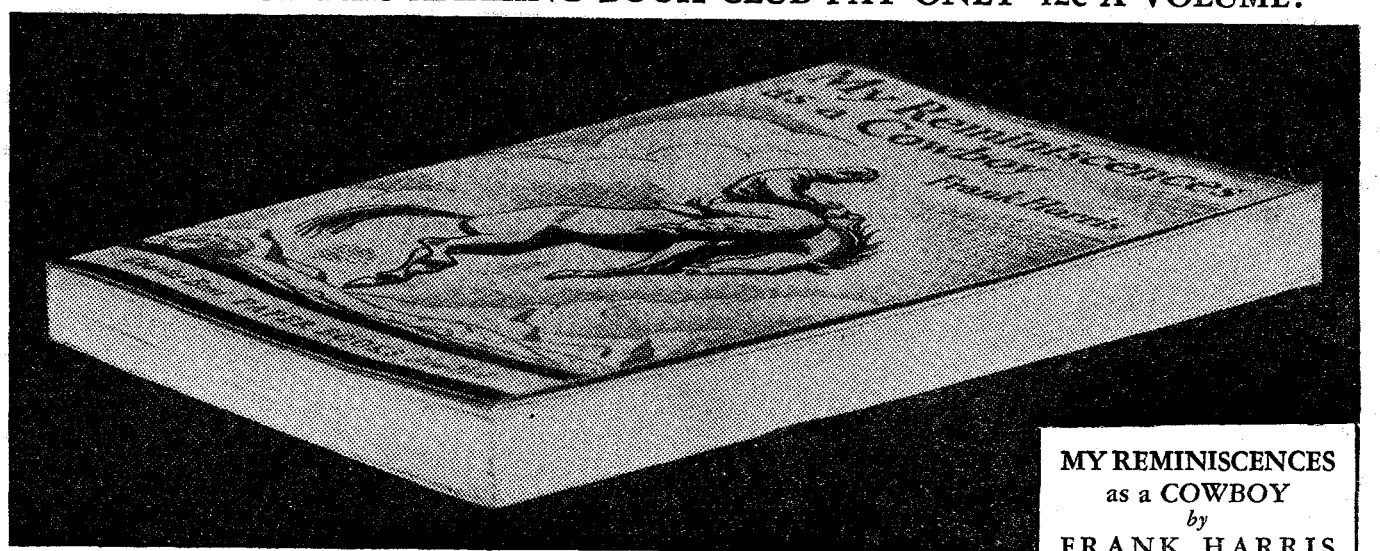

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